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AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

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REVIEWS.

LIFE AT AN EASTERN COURT.*

MEER ALI MOORAD, sovereign of Upper Sindh, was a devoted ally of the British Government, whose cause he materially aided against the hostile Ameers. His right to his territory, including certain lands added to him in addition by Sir Charles Napier, was secured to him by treaty in 1845; but the treaty was not ratified, and in 1850 he was accused of falsifying the document, by substituting the word *pergunnah*, meaning district, for *deh*, meaning town, and so acquiring increased territory. The charge was declared proved, and Lord Dalhousie not only annexed the lands in dispute, but also a large portion of his independent possessions, worth, altogether, about £80,000 a year, to the British Government. The principal witness against him, some time after, on his death-bed, confessed that he had perjured himself, and that the documentary proofs were forgeries. But the decision, nevertheless, not being reversed, Meer Ali Moorad made a journey to England to prosecute his claim. Every obstacle was thrown in his way, and he was even refused by the Court of Directors the privilege of being presented to the Queen; but the mutinies broke out in 1857, and then it was considered prudent to send him back to his own country, with the assurance of affairs being favourably adjusted. It was then that Captain Langley was asked to accompany him, and he agreed to do so for one year, as private secretary. The party made the overland journey to Bombay, with some few mishaps, but with no disaster comparable to those which have of late become almost matters of course.

At the Western Presidency the Meer was received by the Governor with a distinction which contrasted curiously with the harsh treatment he had experienced from the same quarter on leaving India; but times had changed in the meantime, and the authorities were beginning to feel the importance of keeping faith with native princes, and cultivating their friendship. Without making any direct promise, Lord Elphinstone assured him of the favourable intentions of Government, and recommended him to proceed at once to his capital, and exert himself in the cause of law and order. So the Meer and his suite, including, of course, the secretary, went up to Kurrachee, in the "*Berenice*." The principal incident of the voyage was a fine shot made by his Highness, who the author says is the best marksman he ever saw. A very accomplished marksman on board broke a bottle hanging from the yard-arm. The Meer thought he could do better, and cut the piece of string with his bullet, bringing the neck of the bottle down.

At Kurrachee the Meer went to a bungalow prepared for his reception, and the author put up at the Europe Hotel, kept by "a Belgian dame of vast proportions, but showing still the remains of early beauty," as he appreciatively adds. His first impressions of "Young Egypt," as Sindh is popularly called, were not favourable; but he stayed long enough in the land to know its good qualities, which are considerable. It has great natural capabilities, and its geographical position is most advantageous, as the

only outlet for the produce of Upper India, the Punjab, Cashmere, and for that brought by the Cappilas to Shikarpore—a great trading city, having dealings even so far distant as Bokhara—so that the port of Kurrachee may now be looked on as the commercial gate of Central Asia. The province itself has been well-governed, and immensely improved. The climate is declared to be a good one by native geographers; but, as the author says, a country so subject to transitions of heat and cold as Upper Sindh, with the malaria that arises from swamps for a large portion of the year, can hardly be congenial to any constitution; while the Afghans have a proverb which declares that "the sun of Sindh will turn a white man black, and is sufficiently powerful to roast an egg."

The Meer, who had been joined by his brothers—"two fat boys"—at Kurrachee, proceeded thence by land, for the sake of sport on the way. The suite went by sea to the Hujamree Channel, and up the Indus in a flat, towed by a steamer. While pursuing this tedious journey, the author communicates much interesting matter, original and selected, regarding the administration of the country, which will be found sufficiently new for our friend "the general reader," who is supposed to be uninformed upon most subjects. It is sufficient here to notice that the vigorous and enlightened system of Sir Charles Napier still remains in force. The difficulties attendant upon the criminal administration may be gathered from the following extract:—

"The chief Commissioner's Court answers to that of the Sudr-Foujdaree-Udaulat at Bombay. He settles all points of procedure, and confirms all sentences requiring his sanction, excepting those of death or transportation for life, which alone require the confirmation of the Governor in Council. Whether in peace or war, it is notorious that Sir Charles Napier never carried a serious sentence into execution, without having previously made himself perfectly master of the case. The punishment of death he inflicted only for murder; but murder, and especially wife-murder, was then an every-day affair. As the certainty of punishment became known to the people, the crime gradually decreased, and now it is of comparatively rare occurrence, and even when committed, the murderer endeavours to conceal his crime, in most instances striving to make it appear that the unfortunate woman committed suicide. Amongst the crimes of Sindh, feticide is declared to be carried on to a dreadful extent, and to be thought lightly of by the people. This is performed by the *dayes* or midwives, who are so expert in their criminal art, as to destroy the fetus in any stage of pregnancy, without much danger to the mother. Offences against morality are punished by the magistrate whenever brought to notice. Wearing arms is prohibited to all except Government officials and police, unless by permission of the magistrate, or captain, or lieutenant of police."

Khyrpoor is the capital of the Meer's territory, and the arrival there is described in the following terms:—

"A bright full moon lighted us into Khyrpoor, and after wandering about for some time, both our guide and Portuguese servant having dropped into the rear, we had some difficulty in finding out the place appointed for our dwelling. At length, however, this was accomplished, and we were conducted to Meer Sohrab's bungalow, as it is called, a ruinous old house facing the parade. This mansion certainly was a very unpromising aspect, but the news of our advent fast flying through the town, we soon were supplied with fire, and food, and charpoys to lie on, but no preparation whatever had been made for us by the Meer's Moohiyar Kar, who, with the other officials, being absent at his Highness' camp, a few miles distant, we should have fared but badly without the assistance of one of his servants, Gholaum Husseyn, and his little English wife, who was delighted to see white faces again, and did her best to make us comfortable. So, after a hearty supper,

we rolled ourselves up in our *ruzzars*—Anglice wadded quilts—and blankets, for the weather was bitterly cold, and lying down on our charpoys, were soon fast asleep."

And here is the place briefly described:—

"Amongst our other visitors was a very intelligent moonshee, who had just returned from the Persian expedition, and was on his way to see his family at Dejee Kot. Being well acquainted with Khyrpoor, we requested him to accompany us in a ramble about the town, and in our way gathered a good deal of information. Khyrpoor, although it was considered the capital of Upper Sindh, and the seat of Government of one portion of the Talpoor family, must, in its best days, have been a small and insignificant place; albeit that seventeen Ameers, the sons and grandsons of his Highness Meer Roostum, and his brother Meer Moobarak Khan, resided there. The palace of the sovereign is a mean building of one storey, containing at the end a large *Deccan-i-Aam*, or Hall of Audience, with private apartments behind. The whole is in very dilapidated condition, but coloured outside in a variety of patterns, and erected on an elevated mound to be out of reach of the inundation, which, when at its height, floods all the lower grounds, and rises to within a few feet of the walls; indeed, the waters have more than once threatened destruction to all Khyrpoor. Some other half dozen houses or so of the ex-Ameers are still standing, but the whole have a very tumble-down appearance; and a vast assemblage of roofless ruins, the walls alone being standing, to the north of the principal dwelling, mark the spot where, in former days, dwelt the court of Khyrpoor. These buildings mostly stand within the crumbling walls of a mud fort, which never could have been a place of any strength. The principal building was the palace of Meer Roostum, the eldest son of Meer Sohrab, whose death, when upwards of ninety years of age, was occasioned by a fall from a window in the one that we occupied; Meer Roostum thus became head of the Khyrpoor Talpoors, and was much beloved by his people."

The Meer is described as a large man, of most noble presence, of which he is quite aware; he also aims at effect. His mother, of whom he is very fond, is a person of vast proportions, with regard to which the author says:—

"Of course I state this on hearsay, though not exactly on hearsay alone, having had an opportunity of seeing a portion of her apparel, termed *sootane*, which is Sindhî for inexpressibles, and formed part of a suit which Her Highness presented to little Mrs Gholaum, the Englishwoman before mentioned as married to one of the Meer's suite, who displayed them to Mr I—and myself in wonder and admiration, for verily the garment would have been a goodly fit for the late Monsieur Lablache!"

Sindhian society is described as being warm and cordial to such an extent that the author almost believed the affectionate things that were said to him. Of the events at court during his residence he tells us little; they were probably of no very exciting character. But he evidently made the best use of his time in acquiring information concerning the productions and resources of the country; and when not an authority himself, does not disdain to quote the information of others. Sporting of all kinds is a favourite pursuit, and with the Meer amounts to a passion—so much so that it retards the proper cultivation of the country. English readers, by the way, will scarcely share the author's surprise at finding, in the month of December, a large portion of the trees denuded of their foliage; but he had been accustomed to the jungles of India, and there the leaves are never shed.

The Sindhees are tall, handsome men, but immoral and degraded, and liars to a man. The Meer does not trust them as soldiers, but employs foreign mercenaries. Education is very limited among all classes, and art is so little understood, that when Sir Charles Napier showed some of the Beloochee chiefs a portrait of her Majesty, they held it upside down, and

*Narrative of a Residence at the Court of Meer Ali Moorad, with Wild Sports in the Valley of the Indus. By Edward Archer Langley, late Captain Madras Cavalry. 2 vols. (London: Hurst and Blackett.)

declared it to be very handsome! The Sindhee ladies, we may here mention, are often fine women, industrious in many ways, and especially in intrigue.

The Meer himself administers justice through proper officers, one of whom is a European gentleman named Feeney, of whom the author speaks in high terms. Bribery and corruption are prevalent here, as in most parts of the East, but his hands are admitted by all to be clean. Torture is occasionally resorted to, we are told, "for the purpose of extracting money from those who are reluctant to disgorge their dishonest gains," and also, we are afraid, from more reputable men, "and for the purpose also of extracting confessions in criminal cases." The following will give some idea of this inhuman device which is practised or permitted, as a matter of course, by men who, in their general character, are by no means tyrannical or inhumane:—

"One method is to place the party astride on a charpoy; his feet are then tied below with a rope as tightly as possible, thereby causing intense pain; but if this is insufficient to produce confession, water is thrown upon the ropes, which causes them to shrink to such a degree that they cut the unhappy sufferer to the bone, causing so much agony that the poor wretch at once gives up his money, or confesses to what is required from him; occasionally, it is supposed, confessing to a crime that he never committed, through sheer physical inability to support the agony inflicted. Another mode of torture is placing an iron ramrod, burning hot, between a man's thighs whilst he is hung by his thumbs from a beam. The more common practice, however, is to place some beetles of a peculiar kind in a saucer upon the navel of the victim, binding it tightly on with a cummerbund. The beetles immediately begin to gnaw the part, seeming to the wretched sufferer to be eating into his very entrails, and thereby causing him such intense agony and terror that he in a few minutes gives in. Monstrous as this appears, it is exactly what was practised a few years ago in the late East India Company's territories, as proved by the reports of the torture commissioners."

The ordeal of fire and water, it appears, was frequently resorted to by the Ameers in the absence of direct proof. That the Sindhians are not worth treating with much ceremony may be inferred from a poetical proverb, which says:—

"Sindhee Sant — With a Sindhee"
"Phyley Laut — Kick him first,"
"Peechee Bat — Order him afterwards."

The author mentions several times in the book the carelessness of the Sindhians with regard to caste. The fact is, as most men who have been long in India know, caste is regarded more as an aristocratic than a religious institution by the majority of the people of that country. So long as they can do so without exposure, they violate it as often as they find it convenient. That the Mohammedans are not much more particular upon points of religious ceremony may be judged from the following:—

"When I came to England, five years ago, I was accompanied by a well-educated Mohammedan gentleman of Lucknow, as one of the wakeels of their Highnesses the Maharajahs of Nagpore. On coming up the Red Sea, my friend the Moulavie questioned me about the position of Mecca, and begged that I would acquaint him when we got to the westward of that holy spot, in order that he might turn in the proper direction when saying his prayers. This I did, and upon our arrival in London I showed him which door in his room to face when making his prostrations. My directions, however, he unluckily forgot, and when the time came for prayer he turned his face the wrong way, this too in presence of several of his own countrymen, who came to pay their respects on his arrival. His prayers, however, ended, and his friends gone, I pointed out the error that he had committed. 'O,' replied the poor old Moulavie, who has since been 'gathered to his

fathers,' 'I don't suppose it will make much difference in my way to Paradise.'"

The portion of the work of most political importance is that in which the author discusses the annexation policy of Lord Dalhousie, to which may undoubtedly be attributed the mutiny and the many disasters consequent thereon, which have so materially damaged our power and prestige in the East. Foremost among the cases of spoliation which he cites is that of Meer Ali Moorad himself, who, as we have seen, was induced to return home on the understanding that justice should be accorded to him—an understanding which was confirmed by Lord Elphinstone at Bombay, his Lordship doubtless acting under instructions from England. But since that time—though after his arrival he continued to manifest the strongest proofs of his fidelity to the British Government—his case appears to have been shelved, for it remains unsettled to the present day. During the brief tenure of Lord Ellenborough in office, the Meer entertained the most confident hopes of justice being accorded to his claim. But the premature retirement of this statesman reduced him once more to despondency, and the Meer remains, like too many of our allies among Eastern princes, a disappointed expectant, with his belief in our good faith shaken, if not altogether dissipated; and a cultivator of loyalty without recognition and without reward. The States of Nagpore, of Jhansi, of Oudh, were all annexed under false pleas, and the case of the Stipendiaries of the Carnatic adds another to the list of breaches of faith which have lost us the confidence of the people and princes of India—a confidence which future legislation will find it no easy task to restore. The outbreak of 1857 is now known to be the direct consequence of the annexation of Oudh; and the implacable enmity of the deposed Ranees of Jhansi to our rule was one of the main difficulties encountered after the fall of Delhi, when "the neck of the rebellion" appeared to have been broken. The topics connected with these events are very ably treated by the author, whose convictions are shared by the highest authorities upon Indian affairs. And these remarks give additional value to a work which has the independent merit of containing much useful information, pleasantly and truthfully told. On the whole, Captain Langley's performance is a welcome addition to the literature of the rebellion. There has been a considerable flood of that literature, to be sure; but we can still bear an occasional shower.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE.*

It will, we think, be a matter of surprise to many, and of regret to some, at least, of our readers, to be informed that scientific knowledge is at the present day in a far less satisfactory condition than it was in the palmy days of Greek philosophy. It cannot but be a melancholy and somewhat humiliating reflection, that, as far as concerns the true progress of scientific research, the last two thousand years have been worse than wasted. Such, however, is, in Dr. Boase's opinion, undoubtedly the case. He does not, indeed, blink or ignore the fact that we have in modern times opened up many branches of scientific research to which the ancients were entire strangers; but he maintains that the manner in which they cultivated their small field is superior to that which we have hitherto employed in our large one, and that the results at which they arrived are, as far as they go,

more satisfactory than ours. Our scientific knowledge, he says, as compared with that of the ancients, has lost in *intension*, or conciseness of comprehension, what it has gained in *extension* or diffusiveness of detail. In the words of the late Archer Butler, which Dr. Boase quotes with evident relish:—"With all our admiration for the energetic labours of the great naturalists of our day, and for the advances which the physical sciences are receiving through their combined exertions, we cannot refuse to see—and in all quarters the conviction is gaining strength—that the world of ideas is in proportion eclipsed. This huge material universe, with all its labyrinth of laws, seems to fetter and entangle us; we are so overwhelmed by weight and motion that *matter* and *body* become equivalent terms; and we cannot allow the existence of a world to which these material attributes are not attached." In short, the scientific men of the present day busy themselves too much with facts, and too little with theories. Ever since the time of Lord Bacon they have blindly adopted the inductive, to the exclusion of the deductive, method of inquiry. Facts alone never can and never will constitute a science. We have already accumulated facts enough, and to spare, in every branch of physical science. What our philosophers ought now to aim at is the discovery of some great and universal theory, by means of which the facts already ascertained may be co-ordinated into one perfect and consistent whole, and from which new facts may be deduced quite as certainly, and far more speedily, than they are now arrived at by the slow process of experimental inquiry. Until this end is attained, the condition of our scientific knowledge cannot possibly be regarded as satisfactory by the true philosopher.

Such being Dr. Boase's conviction of the magnitude of the evil, it is not surprising that he should have devoted a portion of his time and energy to the discovery of the remedy. The results of his labours in this direction he now lays before the world in a volume which, considering the extent of its subject, is certainly not unreasonably large. The object which he proposes to himself is the establishment of a general principle by means of which all the various branches of scientific inquiry may be linked together in one vast and harmonious system; and he must be a strict economist indeed who would pronounce three hundred and fifty octavo pages to be an extravagant allowance for the exposition and application of a principle such as this. Dr. Boase tells us that his search has occupied him for seven years; and when we consider the magnitude of his task—for his inquiry extends to the formal and moral as well as to the physical sciences—we should scarcely have grudged him seventy times seven. During this period three several hypotheses have been successively worked out and rejected; and it is only within the last year that he has succeeded in discovering a fourth, which appears to him to be adequate to the support of the enormous superstructure to which it serves as a foundation. It is by no means an easy undertaking to give an account of this hypothesis, which shall be at once brief and intelligible; but we must, nevertheless, attempt the task. The principle of the proposed system is the fundamental idea of power, which is to be conceived of as a reason-directed force—a power which is a law unto itself. Of these powers there are many in nature. Their grand and distinguishing characteristic feature is, that they are always associated together in pairs or dualisms: there is no such thing in

* *The Philosophy of Nature: a Systematic Treatise on the Causes and Laws of Natural Phenomena.* By Henry S. Boase, M.D., F.R.S. and C.S., &c. (London: Longman and Co.)

nature as a single insulated power. All natural bodies are dualisms of forces, one of which is the *basis* or body of the dualism, the other its species or *type*. Matter is a simple combination of the two forces of attraction and repulsion; the general formula being, attraction + repulsion = matter; when these forces are in equilibrium, matter is in the liquid state; in solid matter attraction is in excess, and in gaseous matter there is an excess of repulsion. These two forces, in one form or another, re-appear as the foundation of every branch of physical science. In astronomy they appear as gravity and centrifugy, the astronomical formula being, gravity + centrifugy = motions of the celestial bodies or stars. The heavenly bodies are to be attributed to the joint action of these forces; not, as is generally supposed, to that of gravitation and of an initiatory propelling force. In molecular physics—for which, as it deals with the smallest possible portions of matter, Dr. Boase proposes the name of *micronomy*—the forces assume the form of cohesion and heat, the micromonomical formula being cohesion + heat = molecules. Sound being the effect of the undulation or vibration of the air, is a combination of an original impulsive force with the elasticity of the molecules of the atmosphere, and the acoustical formula becomes epipallism + elasticity = sound. In the case of light, the secret of its component forces is to be found in those invisible rays which occur, as is well known, at either extremity of the visible spectrum, and which exert respectively a chemical and a calorific action. The former of these actions, for which the name of *Actinism* has been proposed, is not, according to Dr. Boase, of a chemical nature, but is a phase or mode of attraction; and the optical formula is stated as actinism + thermacy = light. The phenomena of magnetism and electricity are included under one science, that of Polarity, whose formula is electricity + magnetism = polarity. In chemistry, which, according to Dr. Boase, cannot be regarded as a branch of physical science, the dualism is of a more complex nature, the basic force being itself a simple physical dualism, while it is the typical force which communicates to each element its distinguishing chemical properties. In organic bodies the dualism is more complex still, its base being a compound of physical and chemical forces, while its typical or specific member is the vital principle, which Dr. Boase regards as essentially distinct from any possible modification of physical force.

Such is, very briefly, a summary of the manner in which Dr. Boase applies his great principle of the dualism of forces to the different branches of natural science. Into the hints which he proceeds to give for its application to the formal and moral sciences, we must decline to follow him; for the simple but sufficient reason that we are unable to obtain from his remarks on this point a perception of his meaning sufficiently clear to warrant us in attempting to reproduce his views. But, as far as we can comprehend his principle in its application to the physical sciences, we cannot say that we can regard it as entirely satisfactory. We cannot perceive that it possesses any advantage over the doctrine of the correlation of forces, so ably expounded by Mr. Grove, which, confirmed as it has been by subsequent researches, bids fair at no very distant period to establish the fact that all the various physical forces are so many phases of one universal natural force. Dr. Boase, of course, regards the doctrine of the correlation or convertibility of forces as entirely unsatisfactory. But we

cannot say that his objections to it are absolutely conclusive. One argument on which he lays much stress is, that physical powers cannot produce chemical effects, nor chemical powers physical effects. But does not Dr. Boase see that this argument is simply an example of that convenient but unsatisfactory mode of reasoning commonly known as "begging the question"? He assumes that there is an essential distinction between chemical and physical force; and this is precisely what the advocates of the convertibility of forces steadily deny. Whether there be such a distinction between them or not is the precise point at issue; and an argument which consists simply in its arbitrary assumption can scarcely be regarded as possessing much weight, or deserving much consideration.

But we confess that we are inclined to join issue with Dr. Boase at a yet higher point, and to question his assertion as to the unsatisfactory state of our scientific knowledge. We do not think that we are in a position, with respect to scientific acquirements and intellectual advancement, inferior to that occupied by the ancient Greeks and Romans. The various branches of physical science which have been opened out since their time, do not, from the very nature of their subjects, admit of being treated at once by the same method as that of which the purely formal sciences, which alone were known to them, are susceptible. Dr. Boase, in a somewhat fanciful passage in his last chapter, in which he gives a kind of numerical gauge of the different stages of the human intellect, appears to admit that we have made some intellectual advance since the Christian era. The ancients, he says, regarded natural phenomena merely as *monisms*, just as they are apprehended by the inferior animal intellect. We have advanced a step further, and perceive them to be dualisms of forces. This is as far as we can go at present. Absolute oneness or unity of power implies a trinity in unity, of which we can now form no conception, but which in a future state we may hope to know and understand. We cannot assent to Dr. Boase's low opinion, either of the state of our scientific knowledge or of the means by which it has been acquired. We have amassed an immense stock of facts in every branch of physical science. It is true that facts alone do not constitute a science; but it is equally true that without them there can be no science. By a judicious use of those which we have already ascertained, we have been able to arrive at many of the most important laws in every department of natural science; and we have made some progress in the far more difficult and important task of systematising its several branches into a consistent whole. We are far from thinking that we have already got facts enough. Even Dr. Boase must admit that our knowledge of the facts of electricity and magnetism is as yet of the most limited kind. In our opinion, we are more likely to advance the cause of true science by patiently accumulating facts, than by hastily framing new theories from those which we have already established. We are quite aware that such guesses at truth, even when erroneous, are frequently productive of very important and valuable results; but we are not less alive to the danger to which the eager theorist is especially liable of distorting or creating facts to suit his theories. Though Dr. Boase is the occasion of these remarks, we do not wish them to be understood as applying to him in any special manner. There are, however, one or two points in his chapter on chemistry, to which they are not, perhaps, entirely inapplicable, and to which we would wish to direct

attention. Considering his dualistic tendencies, we cannot be surprised to find that he steadily opposes the unitary theory, and refuses absolutely to double the atomic weight of oxygen. But his arguments against this theory are of much the same kind as those which we have already alluded to in the case of the correlation of forces. The unitary formula for expressing hydrate of potassa, for instance, cannot, he says, be right, for if it be, an atom of hydrate of potassa could not be made up of an atom of potassa and an atom of water. Surely Dr. Boase cannot be ignorant that the advocates of the unitary theory do not admit that hydrate of potassa is so composed. He must be aware that the very fundamental point of their doctrine, and that from which its name is derived, is the refusal to regard salts as a combination of an anhydrous acid with a metallic oxide; and that, just as they regard nitrate of potassium, not as a compound of potash with anhydrous nitric acid, but as nitric acid in which one atom of hydrogen is replaced by potassium, so they regard hydrate of potassium not as potash combined with water, but as water in which one atom of hydrogen is replaced by potassium. Nor can we approve of Dr. Boase's practice of postulating the existence of purely hypothetical bodies, when by so doing he conceives that he can support his theory. He wishes us to believe in the existence of a successive series of compounds of hydrogen and nitrogen, because oxygen forms with nitrogen a series of compounds, each containing one atom of oxygen more than that immediately below it. Of the proposed hydrogen series only one number, NH^2 , is certainly known to exist; and, though there are some grounds for believing in the existence of NH^4 , the very reverse is the case with regard to NH and NH^3 . He further observes that in both series, those numbers which contain an odd number of atoms of hydrogen or oxygen possess the most strongly-marked properties; and regards this as "a curious circumstance, but one which well accords with the principle of his system, viz., that equal forces neutralise each other, so that their special attributes do not appear in the compound; whilst unequal forces, when combined, manifest the characteristic of the predominant or *plus* constituent." Now, in the first place, we question the truth of this observation. With regard to the hydrogen series, since only one member is at present known, it is not easy to make any comparison of its properties with those of the others. In the oxygen series, NO^3 and NO^5 are clearly the bodies to which Dr. Boase especially refers, regarding them as nitrous and nitric acids, respectively. It is, to say the least of it, far from certain that either of these bodies, when perfectly pure, exhibits any acid properties whatever. In the second place, even were the observation true, we cannot see how it justifies the conclusion drawn from it by our author. Surely NO^3 is the only compound in the series in which the forces are equal; and even if the force of nitrogen be equal to some multiple of that of oxygen, the latter element must be more predominant in NO^4 than in NO^3 . Dr. Boase further discovers an analogy in their combining relations between nitrogen and carbon, which, we think, will probably be new to the majority of chemists.

With these remarks we leave Dr. Boase's work in the hands of the scientific public. From what we have already said, it will, we think, be tolerably clear to the general reader that it is not a book which is likely to be much in his line. If, however, he is determined to

make the attempt, we give him fair warning that he will find it the very reverse of light reading; and that, unless he has a peculiar turn for transcendental philosophy, he must be fully prepared to find a great deal in it which he is quite unable to comprehend. We must add, in conclusion, that though we do not think that Dr. Boase has succeeded in solving the problem which he has proposed to himself, we are bound, in mere justice, to state that his book shows him to be possessed of considerable familiarity with the most diverse branches of scientific inquiry, and that his views are stated with remarkable temperance and moderation.

A NEW COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPELS.

THE best that we can say of this book is that it may do some good, and that we do not see much harm in it. Its faults are chiefly those of defect and omission, arising, we think, in a great measure from a lack of perception on the writer's part of the real requirements of the undertaking. In the writer's own words, "the special object of the present work is to bring the lessons of Scripture into intimate contact with our modern every-day life." Now such a commentary on the Gospels, or any part of them, as should clearly exhibit: first, what the lessons of the Christ-life really are; and, secondly, how they supply principles of universal application, down to the minutest details "of modern every-day life," is as yet undoubtedly wanted. No such commentary exists. At least we know of none which is adapted to the use of the ordinary English reader, and we do not consider that it is at all "superfluous" on the part of our author to "add another to the many expository works on the Gospels already before the public." In the absence of a better, we should have no objection to recommend the present attempt; but we must qualify our recommendation with the opinion that its exposition of the "lessons of Scripture" is in the main meagre and thin; that its applications of them to "every-day life" are somewhat at random and hap-hazard, while its general tone and spirit seems inspired with the commonplaceness of the life which it seeks to leaven and to elevate, rather than with the loftiness of the principles which it attempts to infuse. With an evident and sincere desire to correct the pettiness and trivialities of "modern every-day life," it yet seems to us that it imports something of their smallness into the aspect in which it presents the Saviour's teaching, dimming its beauty and dignity, instead of shedding its light and glory upon the details of human action. We are sorry to speak thus. The writer has plainly a contrary intention, and the book may doubtless have its use with some classes of readers. But we cannot expect that it will satisfy a cultivated or a delicate taste; it will not refine or elevate a taste which needs refinement or elevation; and those who seek in it for clear vivid expositions of the actual scope and force of our Lord's words, will frequently (we are bound to say not always) be disappointed.

To speak first of our Lord's words. There are two or three distinct peculiarities about our Lord's teaching, as it is recorded in the Gospels. These peculiarities prescribe certain cautions, and render corresponding care and pains incumbent upon any one who attempts to compose such a commentary as this. Let us consider briefly some of these peculiarities. The first consists in the fact that our Lord's lessons and maxims are

not commonly isolated, independent sayings, self-contained and complete in themselves, like a syllogism in logic or a proposition in geometry. Such statements as these contain their whole meaning within themselves, and of themselves limit their own application. It is very seldom that our Lord's sayings are of this nature. They are almost always spoken with a reference to some question expressed or understood, to some objection, or to some recent occurrence, briefly stated perhaps, or even only indicated, in the course of the narrative. The logical sequence is often only faintly manifested, visible to a practised eye alone; so that the critical faculty must be continually on the alert, lest the expositor miss the force of some expression, or lose the reflected light of a broken and a scattered context. Great care and patience is thus rendered necessary in order to ascertain the full meaning of our Lord's words, considered simply in their first and immediate application.

A second caution arises out of a second peculiarity in our Lord's manner of teaching. The questions to which He replies are, of course, very frequently questions of detail. Our Lord seldom answers such a question without also going further. He commonly oversteps the limits within which the question itself was bounded, and conveys also the general principle upon which not that question alone, but all other difficulties of the same class and kind, are to be met and disposed of. Yet such principles are conveyed rather than obtruded; suggested, hinted at—anything rather than forced upon us. Still they are there, as the gold in the quartz, and they yield themselves up to the thoughtful inquirer; and it is the office of the commentator to bring to light, not merely the first actual meaning and the logical connection with the context, but also the divine skill and beauty, transcending all human art, with which the Divine Instructor gives not rules of action only but principles of life.

Then, thirdly, there is that whole class of precepts which we commonly regard as to be accepted only in a spiritual sense, as too high for this human world, precepts which (men say) cannot have any literal or practical application. What is the practical commentator's office with respect to them? Surely the expositor who treats of our Lord's "Words and Works" must remember that the Gospels are not only the recital of his Master's teaching, but the record also of his Master's example, and that where a precept is of doubtful application or of uncertain meaning, it must be placed alongside of the Teacher's practice. As Scripture is ever its own best interpreter, so also it will be found that in cases of doubtful precept, the best explanation will lie, not far away, in some marked action of our Lord Himself; that His works are the truest comment on His words, and that it will not do to put aside a precept as "figurative," until we have failed to find it carried out into action in the pattern-life of Christ.

These, then, are the first duties of an expositor, preliminary to all the higher offices of exposition, and prior to all questions of bringing "the lessons of Scripture" when expounded "into intimate contact with . . . every-day life." It is in the faithful observance of these rules of inquiry that his first labour consists. The labour is not a light one, for each case has to be treated upon its own distinct basis, requires separate investigation and individual analysis. But when the examination is completed, few and simple words will commonly suffice to express the result. The plainest English is fully adequate to all that has to be said, and many words do but encumber the sense. The

mere literary skill required is comparatively small. There is no case where careful and accurate analysis is so completely the test of excellence, and quality rather than quantity the measure of success, or where mere fluency and ease of composition are so little required.

The present writer has evidently attempted to carry out our first rule, but we cannot say that it seems to us to have been applied with anything like adequate perseverance. Writing with manifest fluency and ease, and depending, as it seems to us, more upon general notions derived from a few favourite commentators, than upon a rigid independent examination of the text, we find a sad vagueness throughout.

What we complain of in our author is that the concatenation of passages is lost sight of. It is of no use to reply that in a practical commentary such matters are of secondary consequence, for how are we to draw the right practical lessons if we neglect the manner in which our Lord himself applied His teaching? In the case of St. Luke xvii. 5-10, the writer entirely omits all notice of the first four verses of chap. xvii., upon which the whole depends, (at least we cannot find where they are treated of), and the comment on St. Luke xvii. 5-10. (vol. ii. pp. 100-130,) actually begins thus (the italics are our own):—"What was the special occasion of this petition does not appear (!) but we may imagine a little what might have been the state of the apostles' mind at this time." And then the author proceeds to imagine a mental condition of the apostles to which such an address might have been appropriate. Then follows a pure creation of our expositor's imagination, and it is an example of the rash way in which even a good and well meaning author will ramble on in mere fanciful talk instead of taking the very moderate trouble of reading what the Evangelists have really written. But imagining "what might have been" is clearly our author's forte; and if we are to accept all that this commentary advances, we shall have new facts to add to the series of events recorded in the Gospels. We learn, for example (on St. Matt. viii. 5-10; St. Luke vii. 1-10), that the centurion's servant was a faithful female slave, who had "probably watched many a night by the centurion's bed, and carefully provided for his wants whilst on military duty. Evidently the centurion could not bear to lose her!" (Vol. i. p. 151.) The final salvation of the lawyer who propounded the question to our Lord in Matt. xxii. 34-36, Mark xii. 28-37, is apparently assured to us in vol. ii. p. 189, where we are told "into which kingdom" (the kingdom of God) "we cannot doubt he did enter." (The italics, here and in the following, are our own.) In the account of the transfiguration, we are gravely informed that "the excitement consequent on such sights and sounds soon overpowered the weak human senses, and they (the three apostles) fell into a sort of dozing sleep," (vol. i. p. 360,) while four pages after (vol. i. p. 264) we read that our Lord's questions to the father of the lunatic boy "might seem like an expedient to gain time"!

Is our author more careful in explaining those numerous words and terms upon whose right understanding the practical lessons of our Lord's words so constantly depend for their force and point? We fear not. Turning to the place in St. Matthew, where the denunciation of those who "offend" Christ's little ones occurs, we are informed vol. i. p. 373-4, that "to offend, means to injure morally," (the italics are the author's) "and contemptuous oppressive treatment has a great tendency to injure the minds and principles of those who

are subject to it; and then follows an exhortation to big boys at school not to maltreat the little boys; all very good in its way, but the reader is not informed that the meaning of the phrase is *specific* and not *general*, and that consequently the "lesson" has a *specific* bearing upon "every-day life." The reader may perhaps be but little the loser, for there is scarcely a volume of "family" or "village" sermons in which the terms "offences" and "to offend" are not correctly explained, nor is there a church in England in which he might not hear them interpreted once a year at the least; but if so, why need our author not do the same? So, again, we look in vain for explanations of such terms as are real difficulties to those who are unskilled in words and terms, and who cannot use more scholarly commentaries. We might give repeated instances.

Once more. In applying to every-day life the lessons of Christ, there is no mental quality more needed than that of a certain delicacy, a perception of the fitnesses of things, a certain tact or instinctive sense of moral proportion, if we may be allowed to use such an analogy. Common things are not necessarily vulgar things. You may be homely without being undignified; and although it is of course the highest test of true dignity to mingle with things and people usually associated with vulgar notions without forfeiting your own standing, yet a commentator on the Gospels has peculiar advantages in making the attempt. So much of our Lord's own teaching consists in this very thing—the Epistles of St. Paul afford so many examples of the application of the deepest principles to the most ordinary details—that a writer of the very least taste or feeling might deduce at once safe rules for guidance, and find examples for imitation. It is one of the little noticed, yet at the same time one of the most beautiful, of the minor traces of a higher than a merely human intelligence in the composition of the New Testament, that subjects which few men would dare to touch are there handled freely, boldly, and, in their naked reality, without one moment's descent from the level of the principles inculcated to that of the matters discussed. The tone and method of the Scriptural treatment of the details of human life uniformly raises these details into a higher and nobler atmosphere. We behold them not with our own mean and narrow visions, but with a larger, purer, and more refined perception. It is the practical expositor's duty to take pattern by this, to appreciate the moral element which is involved in delicacy of sentiment and feeling, and to recognise in the cultivation of a refined taste, on the part of the reader, one of the secondary means of moral culture and improvement. There is boundless scope for this in the application of our Lord's teaching to every-day life; and we know of no means whereby a writer may do so much towards the unconscious elevation of the moral tone of ordinary people, as by handling such a subject boldly and freely, yet with something of the true Scriptural dignity and grace. One of our objections to the book before us is, that it seems to us to proceed in simple unconsciousness of this principle. The writer appears to select the position of those whose tone requires improvement, and to look at the lessons of Christ from their standing-point rather than to regard their circumstances from the standing-point of Christ's teaching. The result is an indescribable poorness and tenuity of thought and grasp, in spite now and then of some uncommonly good and telling points. Hence examples of painful pathos are frequent, some of which we have already ex-

hibited, and meagreness of application, especially in the case of the discourses in St. John's Gospel. It is quite a feature in this commentary that it ignores the obvious differences in subject, matter, and method between St. John and the preceding Evangelists; and as it barely recognises the greater profundity of the principles taught, so it applies them in exactly the same style and manner.

Take the treatment of the miracle of the water changed into wine. Our author even goes out of the way to show that the special characteristic of all St. John's records of the miracles has been totally overlooked. We are informed that the "chairman's" (1) remarks on the wine are "only introduced to show what was his opinion of the excellence of the wine; and thus indirectly to establish the greatness of the miracle." Now, just as the words of Christ to the Virgin Mary are a special enunciation of the great truth with which St. John's Gospel is specially concerned, viz., that there was a higher law for Christ's actions than that of external convenience or human counsel—the law, i.e., of a being whose guiding light was from within and from above; so here the "chairman's" words are not introduced as a mere accessory touch, filling up a vacant space in an otherwise completed picture. They are the last, the climax, of a series of details whereby St. John most pointedly, and by no means "indirectly," draws our attention to the evidences of the reality of the miracle. It is a special feature in all St. John's accounts of Christ's miracles, that he does there pay special attention to points of evidence of this kind, and we are literally amazed at the heedlessness of a writer who, at this time of day, cannot merely overlook such a feature, but a absolutely obtrudes the fact of such heedlessness.

Again, here is our author's comment upon St. John iv. 14:—"The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." To us the illustration seems clear and good; we wish we could say as much for the way in which it is worked out. "Here is an illustration of which a domestic servant may often be reminded. . . . She must often have felt what weary work it is to convey water by hand to the different rooms of the house, and what an immense convenience it is to have the water laid on to the different storeys. This is a house having a supply of water in itself. Well, such is the difference between having one's peace and happiness painfully fetched by successive efforts from the world, running dry almost as soon as gained, in great part perhaps spilt in taking it home, and having that happiness supplied to the soul by communication from God Himself, laid on, as it were, into the innermost recesses of the heart by His all-pervading spirit." (Vol. i. p. 38.)

On the cleansing of the Temple, as recorded by St. John, we have the following as the sole practical application to detail:—"Pew-openers are sadly exposed, under our present system, to the temptation of making God's house a house of merchandise." And then in a note:—"The practice of feeing them has become so general, that it is to be feared they feel injured when they are passed over; and the idea of dis appointing them, and having the withholding a fee imputed to meanness, is very painful and distracting to the minds of strangers of sensitive feelings. It were well if some method could be devised to remove the difficulty better than stringent prohibitions, which, it is to be feared, lead to slyness, and bring a snare on the conscience, both of those who give and those who receive a forbidden gratuity."

We have still graver objections to this book, and especially to its most hazy and unsatisfactory

manner of speaking of the sacramental discourses in St. John, but as it scarcely rises to the level of a theological commentary in the very smallest degree, we have felt it only fair to estimate it according to the standard at which it professes to aim, and not according to any higher standard of our own. With all its deficiencies, obtusenesses, and curiousness, it might do some good, were it small enough and cheap enough for circulation among a class to whom even its very moderate acuteness might throw additional light on our Lord's teaching. But we fear that those who could afford to buy it will find in it little to repay them, either for the trouble of the reading or the cost of the work. We must leave the Deans of Canterbury and Ely to say whether they feel flattered, or the reverse, by the candid acknowledgment of the author's obligations to their published commentaries.

THE HISTORY OF NAPLES.*

MISS HORNER, the translator of the Italian general, Pietro Colletta, has re-issued from the press, with abundant foot-notes and a supplementary chapter, this history of Naples, from the accession of Charles of Bourbon, about twenty years after the peace of Utrecht, down to the present era of another revolution. Those who wish to understand the true nature of the struggle now impending, or speculate whether its probable issue will be that of more lasting good than the oft-recurring career of exiled monarchs, of triumphant revolutions, of crime and punishment, of popular successes, and their overthrow by the aid of foreign intervention, which have made up so much of the history of Italy, and especially of the Neapolitan States, cannot fail to have their views enlarged and their knowledge of events increased by a careful perusal of the volumes before us. The people of that great country which stretches from the Alps to the Straits of Messina, though surrounded by the halo of ancient glories, are still but as dust in the scale of nations.

Why should her sons be still so liable to the reproach of loss of military courage and that private virtue which renders them incapable of combined and steady effort for civil liberty or national independence? Under foreign leaders—Napoleon especially—the Italians exhibited all the qualities of excellent soldiers; but when, led by their own chiefs, they have proved wholly unable to resist the attack of a Transalpine or foreign invader, whether French or German, or, as of old, from Spain. It is a question whether it is not a law of nature that a high state of civilisation cannot long co-exist with military courage in the favoured climes of the world, and that, as a counterpoise to her gifts, Nature has denied to the inhabitants of such countries as Naples the permanent resolution and virtue needful to defend them.

As we write, Naples and Italy are again upon their trial. Till lately few have really dreamed of the possibility of Italy becoming a great nation, and carrying out the national views of unity and independence of foreign influences. Had Joachim Murat proved less vacillating and more of a solid politician than a mere *beau sabreur*, he might have rallied round him the whole sympathies of the Italian peninsula, and, amid the wreck of revolutionary empires and reconstruction of dynasties which followed the triumph of the Allies, the result to Italy might have been the organisation of one mighty and independent people. Will such be the result now, either under the sole authority

* *The History of Naples*. By Pietro Colletta. Two Vols. (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.)

of Victor Emmanuel or under two united states, if it be not too late for the King of Naples to embrace the advice tendered to him earnestly by his uncle, the Count of Syracuse, that the only hope of peace and prosperity of the south rests in a cordial alliance with Piedmont, and the sincere adoption of a liberal and representative constitution? Undoubtedly the contest, assume what varying aspect it may, belongs not to one, but to all the European families. Except in this view, it is impossible to account for the all but universal sympathy exhibited in this country with the cause of Garibaldi, mingled undoubtedly with the fears of many that possibly the column may be reared on too weak a basis, that the want of internal union may open the door sooner or later to Transalpine interference, and that Italy may be destined yet again to pass through more phases of suffering and trial before her sons can occupy a position worthy of a mighty and noble nation.

Miss Horner, whose style of translation exhibits precision and liveliness, prefixes to the commencement of the "History" a short biographical notice of General Colletta. Pietro Colletta was born at Naples in the year 1775, and, we are told, in early youth applied himself diligently to the study of the most philosophical of the Roman historians, Tacitus, in order to obtain a model for his style and composition. He entered the army in 1796, and took part in the disastrous wars with the French Republic, when the Austrian General, Mack, afterwards infamous for the capitulation at Ulm, exhibited a want of sagacity and energy, which proved for the time fatal to the throne of Ferdinand, and caused for a few months the short-lived Parthenopean Republic. "Mack," said Nelson, "cannot travel without five carriages: I have formed my opinion of him; I fear I cannot be mistaken." Colletta maintains that the failure of the people of Naples at this time to defend their liberty was owing to no error of theirs; "that the absence of military virtue was the consequence of errors in former governments, as well as in the present; that without a king, without an army, and without Mack, the people fought well; that nations, as shown on this occasion, have something of fatalism in their existence, and that the doom of the Neapolitans is to be unfairly judged of by the world."

Colletta, though he did not run headlong into the career of the folly and revolution introduced by the French Jacobin in 1798-1799, yet suffered after the return of the king, and was shut up in prison for a time, his life being saved with difficulty. He turned his attention to engineering, assisting in the drainage of the marshes. In 1806 the wheel again revolved: Buonaparte had declared "that the house of Bourbon had ceased to reign," and under King Joseph, and subsequently Joachim Murat, Colletta obtained high civil and military employments. He fought with the Austrians in 1815, but when Joachim fell, Colletta, more fortunate than before, obtained some favour with King Ferdinand. It would have been impossible to show hostility to all the Muratists, and our historian's rank was continued. In the actings of the Court, however, Colletta saw reason to predict another revolution, and in consequence of his being too true a prophet, as the event verified, he fell under the suspicion and hostility of the minister. He was one of those whom it was desirable to conciliate when the revolution of 1820 broke out; and when Ferdinand found it necessary to proclaim and appear, at least for a time, to adhere to a free constitution, Colletta supported the royal authority in Sicily. He suppressed the revolution there, and became Minister of War at

Naples. But a day of gloom and oppression was approaching. The Holy Alliance at Laybach, not very strongly dissuaded, if not actually prompted, by Ferdinand, resolved to suppress the rising liberties of Naples. In the spring of 1821 a German army marched into the capital, and the day of vengeance and oppression for more than a generation was come. From the treachery of the king and the errors of the arbitrary monarchs of Europe, the woes which have distracted and still agitate the kingdom of the Two Sicilies have had their origin.

"Hoc fonte derivata clades,
In patriam populumque fluxit."

Colletta, with many other illustrious sufferers, was thrown into prison; and, fortunately for some, the German auxiliaries had to interfere and moderate the thirst for vengeance which animated the ministers of the king. Colletta was taken out without trial, put on board a German vessel, and conveyed at length to Brunn, in Moravia, near that Spielberg which proved the living tomb of so many Italian patriots. His health failing, however, he was in a year or two allowed to leave it, and after two years' captivity, to reside at Florence. In Moravia, and during the remaining eight years of his life, he occupied himself in literary labours. His first work had been a military narrative of the last war of Joachim, written in 1815.

The translated portion of the volumes before us, which is by far the greatest, is divided into ten books. We need not trace the transitions, in earlier times, of the throne of Naples from the Norman to the Suiabian race, and after them to the house of Anjou. Readers of Italian history ought to be well acquainted with the works of Giannone, whose volumes finish with the house of Spanish Austria, in 1700. By the peace of Utrecht, Charles VI., son of Leopold of Germany, was confirmed in the dominions of Flanders, Milan, and Naples, as well as the empire; and viceroys governed in the south of Italy. In 1734, Charles, the Infant of Spain, of the Bourbon branch, gained the submission of all the country and inhabitants of the Two Sicilies. Those who have studied Neapolitan affairs of late years only, may be surprised to hear that Naples had one good king, who, though not a perfect character, sincerely studied the nation's highest good, and possessed their highest confidence. Disputes arose with the Pope, but it was agreed to put restrictions on the unlimited right of asylum in the churches, and in other respects the king advanced some steps towards asserting spiritual independence. Colletta describes—with delightful precision and distinctness, resembling more the painted pages of the Roman historian Livy than the more severe Tacitus—the military manœuvres and incidents of the war in which Charles was involved through the hostility of the Empress Maria Theresa. He and his subjects came out of the struggle with safety and honour: Charles had fulfilled his part as military leader; the people had performed their duties as citizens and subjects.

Such was the reign of Charles, who was called away in 1759 to the throne of Spain, leaving behind him Ferdinand, who had not completed his eighth year, to commence, under a regency, his long, chequered, and, at the close, cruel and perfidious reign. Nine books are occupied in the history of this reign, with the termination of which, in 1825, the part written by Colletta ends, including the episode of the Parthenopean Republic and the reigns of Joseph and Murat. Ferdinand disliked learning, and grew up with rude and savage tastes,

partial to barbarous amusements, and more objectionable pastimes. His first act, in 1767, on attaining his majority, was the expulsion of the Jesuits, several laws having been previously passed to restore ecclesiastical power, such as imposing restrictions on lands left in mortmain, diminishing the number of priests to ten, and subsequently to five, for every thousand inhabitants. The property of the Jesuits was confiscated, but applied to works of charity and general benefit.

In 1776 a new cause of dispute arose with the Pope. It had been customary for kings of Naples to present to that Pontiff annually a sort of tributary offering, called the *cinqua*—a white horse richly caparisoned, and seven thousand ducats. This was now abolished. Colletta claims for Naples at this period the merit of outstripping all the rest of Italy in liberal reforms. Education flourished, and merit was not then treated as a crime. The trials in criminal courts continued the same as before, and to the evils of these the subsequent horrors of Neapolitan administration were chiefly owing. These evils, briefly, were—courts of secret inquiry (*scrivani*), the accused being subject to torture; judges acting on their own arbitrary will; and the mode of trial by *truglio*, when the prisoners were tried and condemned in a body. Volumes might be written to illustrate the miseries caused by this, when carried out by servile or unfeeling judges.

Sir John Acton, an Englishman, became admiral of the fleet, and afterwards prime minister and favourite. After this period affairs appear to take a turn greatly for the worse. A storm awaited all old governments in Europe, from the effects of the French Revolution, which even in 1790 was beginning to affect them. The tidings of the treatment of the French king filled Caroline and Ferdinand with indignation. Suspicion at Naples created discontent. Ferdinand, at heart a coward, became gradually cruel; and it is not surprising, under such circumstances, that adherents to the "rights of man" and sympathies with the French Republicans should increase. By a secret treaty with England in 1793, Naples was involved in the general confederacy; and, without an open declaration of war, sent vessels to aid in the siege of Toulon.

In 1796 Buonaparte overran Italy, and Ferdinand was ready to accept an armistice. With characteristic treachery, when he thought the French were likely to be checked, he prepared for hostilities. Lords Hamilton and Nelson advised the King and Queen to fly. In January, 1799, the lazzaroni welcomed the French as deliverers: almost without a blow, they made themselves masters of the strong forts of the capital. The Republicans inaugurated, amid festive scenes, the new Republic. "Mount Vesuvius sent forth a placid and brilliant flame like a celestial omen of happiness. The omen, however, proved fallacious, for a far different destiny lay concealed in the bosom of time."

As was the case in other countries, where the established governments were overthrown by revolutionary ardour, the Neapolitans soon found they had only obtained a change of tyrants. The French governed as military conquerors, and imposed heavy taxes. A constitution was proposed, but the Republic was not allowed time to try the experiment. Universal dissatisfaction prevailed, and insurrections in the provinces broke out. Disasters had occurred during Buonaparte's absence in Egypt; the French had been several times defeated by the Austrians and Russians combined, in the north of Italy; and General

Macdonald, after a slight and ineffectual resistance, had to withdraw before the increasing Bourbonist forces. In June, 1799, in the midst of this confusion, the fleet of Nelson arrived in the bay, and the Republican government was at an end. Unfortunately, Ferdinand returned, retaining a sense of alarm and resentment, to take vengeance for his sufferings. Nelson unhappily, in aiding him, contracted a stain upon his own memory, which his warmest apologists cannot wholly wipe off. We may easily defend him from any wanton act of cruelty, and know that he only thought he was doing his duty in refusing to accede to terms of a capitulation agreed on before his arrival; but no historian can admit his wisdom in taking part in and abetting the thirst for vengeance which animated Ferdinand and the Queen. Colletta unfortunately does not, in all his remarks, exhibit the calm, judicial spirit of an impartial historian. He blames Nelson as one of the most criminal, accuses him of being influenced by mad fascination for the charms of the celebrated Lady Hamilton, the intimate friend of Caroline, and of being a mere instrument in their hands in this matter. Nelson, undoubtedly, took a prominent part in the execution of the gallant Admiral Caracciolo, whom it would have been wise and generous in him to save. But it shows both hostility and unfairness in Colletta to state that Nelson was actuated by a mean jealousy, and glad to execute vengeance on one whom he thought to be his rival in seamanship. Nelson, beyond question, though mistaken, did what he thought to be his duty in supporting the royal authority.

The measures of the now re-established government excited horror and alarm. Forty thousand were threatened with death, and more with exile; a scale of crimes and punishments was fixed by a retrospective act, and existing codes were altered so as to increase their severities. In 1800 and 1801 the destiny of the kings of Italy and Germany was overclouded; on the 14th of June, 1800, the hopes of Austria were overthrown at Marengo; but one fortunate event occurred about this time—namely, the surrender of Malta to the English and Neapolitan forces. Naples was threatened by the French; but when, at the peace of Luneville, Europe laid down its arms, the ground was open for accommodation, and an armistice was concluded with Naples, though it was obliged to submit to somewhat humiliating terms. By the Conference of Amiens it was agreed that England should evacuate Malta; but seeing evidence that Buonaparte had no sincere desire for peace, except to accomplish designs of aggression, she refused to comply with this requisition of the treaty, and the peace was negated. Ferdinand was alarmed, and the rumours of war in Naples re-awakened the spirit of party, and increased the severity of treatment towards all who were suspected. Colletta errs throughout in attributing to England unworthy motives; he even countenances the scandal that we sympathised with designs for assassinating Napoleon, now become Emperor. Nelson at Trafalgar, in 1805, destroyed the armaments of France and Spain, which threatened England; and Napoleon had to break up the intrenched camp of Boulogne, and give up his projects of invasion, in order to meet the gathering hosts of continental confederates. The campaign opened with the disgraceful overthrow of the Austrians under Mack; Vienna was captured in November of that year, and on the 1st of December occurred the "day of Austerlitz." Ferdinand had concluded an alliance with Austria when she was in the last throes of agony, and St. Cyr and

Massena, with Joseph Buonaparte, advanced against Naples, threatening vengeance, conquest, and a new sovereign.

The second volume of Colletta's "History," and the fifth book, open with the commencement of the decennial period of French rule. Napoleon declared that the house of Bourbon had ceased to reign. First his brother Joseph filled the throne, and after him that brilliant soldier of fortune, Joachim Murat. In the new government thus formed the patriots had no place, but an ostentatious parade of luxury was attempted, to gain the applause and attract the wonder of the multitude. In the reign of Joseph, however, good co-existed with great evil. The feudal system was entirely destroyed, and monasteries were suppressed. Some improvements were made in the administration of justice, though secret accusations were not wholly abolished. Literature was favoured, and education improved, and brigandage, though it could not be wholly destroyed, was severely, even cruelly, punished. Many new laws were passed identical with the code of Napoleon. After a reign of two years and a little more, King Joseph was called, by the will of the French Emperor, to the throne of Spain, leaving behind him the character of a learned and able politician, though cautious, and more studious to serve his Imperial brother than the people over whom he reigned.

The commencement of the reign of Joachim Murat excited joy, and seemed calculated to promote the happiness of his subjects; the police suspended or concealed their severities, and his acts of clemency were numerous, though mildness would have been more beneficial if it had been exercised with greater judgment. He increased the military power, though the introduction of conscription was of course unpopular. His severity towards the brigands nearly effected their suppression, and he carried out to completion the work of King Joseph in destroying the feudal system. In 1812, when the power of Napoleon began to totter, Joachim changed the policy of his government. He devoted more attention to gain the applause of his subjects by ruling for their benefit; instead of subordinating the good of Naples to the interests of his brother-in-law, he entertained the design of becoming the head of an Italian union, the first idea, as we noticed above, of that cherished theory of the present day; but he was too weak and undecided of purpose to be a fitting person to carry it out. In 1812 he was summoned to the Russian war, where his exploits form a brilliant page in the history of Europe and of France. After the disaster of Leipzig, the subsequent invasion of France, and the abdication of Fontainebleau, when the fortunes of France were declining, Austria offered to Murat terms of friendship. In January, 1814, he turned against his old master, and Austria acknowledged his right to Naples. The Congress of Vienna met, and during its sittings Caroline of Naples, vexed, it is said, that she could not induce the Powers of Europe to annul the pledge of Austria to Joachim, suddenly expired. Her influence had been fatal to her husband's popularity; she had turned him, for the whole remainder of his life, to the side of suspicion, cruelty, and perfidy. Murat, though rejoiced at the death of his most powerful enemy, did not feel secure. Ferdinand had gained the good will of the Sicilians by his swearing to the popular constitution adopted there in 1812, and hostility between that island and Naples was renewed. Matters continued in this state when the news was brought of Napoleon's escape from Elba. Joachim vacillated between his promises to the Allies, his love to his old master, and an

ambitious wish to render himself powerful enough to be independent of both parties. He cast in, however, his lot with Napoleon in the end, and was involved in his irretrievable fall. A second time Ferdinand returned to find in the views, habits, and opinions of his subjects a change seldom produced except in such a crisis as had been passed through in the decennium of French monarchs. Now, if ever, was an opportunity for clemency and union; and Ferdinand's first professions seemed to promise well. It is difficult, in short space, to give a correct impression of the subsequent five years of his reign. Secret societies had sprung up—the Carbonari or liberals, and the Calderrari or loyalists, comprising men of the worst characters, and resembling the San Fédists of Rome, with the descriptions of whom the readers of Farini, as translated by Mr. Gladstone, are familiar. One mistake of the King was in carrying out the law of conscription under an arbitrary government. Colletta thinks that this is a difficulty which draws absolute governments to destruction, and leads the people to the attainment of liberty. Troubles broke out in Sicily, and the King annulled its free constitution. A concordat was concluded with Rome, sacrificing the dignity of the King, and the welfare of the people. From such and similar indications, Colletta, who, as we said before, enjoyed the favour of the King, and was high in office, predicted the coming storm. The details of this period are well worthy of attention from those who wish clearly to understand the causes which have influenced events at Naples, which appear ever since that time to repeat themselves very remarkably.

The example of Spain in 1820 influenced the people of Naples and the carbonari to strike a blow for a free constitution. In July, 1820, the army demanded it. Ferdinand yielded to the public wish, and, with his son, swore fidelity to the new constitution.

The sovereigns who composed the Holy Alliance met in conference—first at Troppan, afterwards at Laybach. Ferdinand, with some difficulty—for the people and representatives were suspicious of his truth—obtained permission, as the constitution required, to leave the kingdom, and to meet these sovereigns. The nation was scandalised to hear that the allied monarchs had resolved to put down the liberal constitution. The King used insidious though menacing language, and an appeal was made to arms to resist the German army of invaders. Had there been any doubt as to Ferdinand's complicity with the foreign sovereigns and his perjury to his own countrymen, it would have been set at rest by his subsequent acts. When he returned, he brought back with him men of infamous character, especially Prince Canosa; and relying for security on the German forces which occupied the kingdom, exercised severities towards the liberals, such as could only be looked for had he returned as conqueror. Colletta blames us for selfish acquiescence. But here, as elsewhere, we observe a strong prejudice against England. We ought in no way to be identified with the follies of the Holy Alliance, though certainly a policy of non-intervention may excuse us from going to war to prevent them.

Canosa excited the anger of the King, and advised him to petition the sovereigns at the Congress to use greater severity than he himself thought right. Colletta, Pepe, and many other distinguished generals, shared in the common ruin. Eight hundred perished in the year 1822, and thus was blighted a movement which would have led to the happiest consequences, had it not been for the unprincipled

interference of foreign nations. The proscribed were met with in all parts of the world; to France, Spain, England, and even America, they carried the tales of their own sufferings, or of those of their compatriots, and spread abroad impressions of the perfidy and cruelty of Ferdinand.

We have extended to so great length our review of the varied events recorded during the ninety years of Neapolitan history over which the general's work extends, and with which our readers are probably less familiar than with the events during the succeeding thirty-five, that we can scarcely notice the supplementary chapter of Miss Horner's own, in which, with the aid of the best authorities, a short compilation of events down to 1858 is given. To Ferdinand succeeded for a few years his son Francis I., and then the grandson of the first Ferdinand, the second of that name. He lived to repeat, in 1849, the same treachery and dissimulation which characterised his grandfather in 1821, and his tyranny and cruelties probably have outdone his prototype. We have the less need to enter on a notice of events here treated of, as there are many publications both by actors and sufferers in the scenes, and by various political observers belonging to foreign countries, from which, in England at least, the most vivid impression is to be gathered of the horrors of recent Neapolitan absolutism. Deaf to the warnings of all, the late king and his youthful successor have obstinately refused to be wise in the time during which prudent concession might have availed them: it will be next to a miracle if the door of repentance is yet open to the present Sovereign of Naples. It may be that, through intervention of foreign advice and the consideration of the inability of Sardinia alone to unite the whole of Italy, the friends of liberty will show wisdom by acquiescing in a free government at Naples, even under its present Sovereign, coupled with a cordial alliance with Victor Emmanuel, as the best solution of present difficulties. If so, surely the king must know enough, if capable of reflection, to warn him against the treachery and tyranny of former monarchs, which have made their names a by-word through civilised Europe.

We all trust that Italy may attain the rank in the scale of nations to which her power, if well directed, the number of her people, and her former glories, entitle her to aspire. The history of the past, especially of the times described in Colletta's volumes, which properly form the text-book on this subject, proves abundantly that the hopes of this being realised depend on both sovereigns and people retrieving past errors, and striving cordially, and without party feelings, to advance what is so dear to them in theory, the sacred cause—"Della unita et libertade Italiana."

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.*

In his own forcible but peculiar style, Mr. Reade has written a valuable work on the Law of International Copyright, or rather on that portion of the act which affects dramatic authors. We cannot praise the manner of the book, but the matter is so weighty that we can afford to overlook the intemperate language in which Mr. Reade so frequently indulges. His anger is not unreasonable; he is downright in earnest, and is bent on sweeping away a great injustice which is injuring our national drama, and affecting, to a considerable extent, our national integrity. As the champion of justice

and of "immortal principles," Mr. Reade evidently considers it his duty to abuse every principle or practice which is not immortal, and which obstructs his course as a reformer. "Polite circumambient phrases," he says, "water villany and folly, and keep them alive to all eternity. Calling smooth, subtle rascality by a rough and true name, blights it in one year, fifty, or a hundred."

But Mr. Reade's position is so firm, his facts are so conclusive, his reasoning is on the whole so logical, that he might well have spared the mass of abusive epithets with which he has loaded his pages. Such language may answer upon the stage, but with most readers the violence displayed in this volume will detract from the carefully-collected evidence and from the weighty arguments with which its pages abound.

The Copyright Act of 1852, and the treaty between France and England which preceded it, were intended to protect the rights of dramatic authors from piratical invasion, but unfortunately the act contained a proviso which destroys all its value. The clause is as follows:—"It is understood that the protection stipulated by the present article is not intended to prohibit fair imitations or adaptations of dramatic works to the stage in England and France respectively, but is only meant to prevent piratical translations." This "Satanic proviso" evidently leaves a large loop-hole for dishonesty and injustice, and has indeed virtually nullified the treaty. Mr. Reade asserts that it is obviously the production of an English mind and a theatrical conscience, and that it cannot be translated into "honest French;" but he does not prove his assertion, and to say that the proviso was "smuggled" into the treaty is simply absurd. The truth is, that throughout the volume Mr. Reade praises France at the expense of England, and we are bound to add, at the expense of truth. Everything that France does is right; everything that England does is wrong. The French Emperor is the paragon of all virtues, the French stage is the model of all excellence; but we English are an author-swindling people, and unworthy of a great drama. Indeed, we wonder that Mr. Charles Reade can live in a land which is "chock-full of fellows who will risk their soul on a lie;" where even roguery is not done manfully, as in Belgium, but in a pettifogging, sneaking fashion; where jurymen are nothing better than "Anglo-Saxon hogs;" where writers for the press, save the few that praise Napoleon, are "the enemies not only of the country but of the human race;" and where law is interpreted by judges "with the heart of a polecat and the head of an ass." All this is very sickening, and repulsive to good taste and feeling, and might well have been spared. We doubt, too, whether Mr. Reade's egotism will prove of any service to the cause he has in hand. The question mooted is one of national interest, and it would have been far better to treat it from a judicial, rather than from a personal, point of view. Mr. Reade's complaints are some of them irrelevant to the matter in hand, while others have no foundation save in his own imagination. But we must allow some latitude to the sensibilities of a man who has known what it is to feel "like a solitary camel thirsting in Zahara for a drop of water," and who informs us that he is "not in heaven,"—an observation, by the way, which was perfectly unnecessary; but that he "is in England, a singularly friendless author, surrounded by heartless author-swindlers."

A considerable portion of the volume before us touches but indirectly upon the main topic of the writer—the rights of French

dramatic authors, and the hateful proviso which prevents those rights from being realized. Before 1851, Mr. Reade had helped himself without any qualms of conscience to the dramas of his French contemporaries, but after the treaty he paid for his adaptations, and thought, justly enough, that every other Englishman who translated or adapted French plays was bound to do likewise.

We cannot follow Mr. Reade through the legal proceedings to which he had recourse in order to test the validity of the act. The account of these proceedings is amusing enough, but the result of them was altogether unsatisfactory. He lost a good deal of time and money, and the "kidnapping and adaptation swindles" went on as briskly as before. Under these circumstances, what can Mr. Reade do but curse the "Satanic proviso," which he seems to forget was made for Frenchmen as well as Englishmen, though Frenchmen may not profit by it, while certain English adapters do. But Mr. Reade's opinion of the clause in the act shall be given in his own words. They will form a specimen of his style:—

"This disloyal intruder into a great international equity has been tried nine years, and convicted as a pettifogging cheat: down with it!

"It is a blot on a noble enactment, and on our national escutcheon: 'Out, damned spot!'

"It is a double-faced, double-tongued, double dealer. It turns one cheek to the honest inventor, and says, 'Pay the price, and I'll protect you;' turns the other cheek to the rogue, and says, 'Let him pay what he will, I'll show you how to do him;' and so it tempts the honest man to his temporal, and the frail man to his eternal harm: down with it!

"Oh, do not think that any vacillating enigmatical law is a merely silly thing.

"It is a hellish thing.

"It is an equivocating handpost.

"It is a standing temptation to commonplace consciences, i.e., the greater number, and decides them to pick and steal, and hide, where a clear law would bind their hands, and perhaps save their souls.

"It is a fruitful nursery of Spartan thieves, and Cretan liars, and English adulterers, the three blackest rogues in creation.

"It is a trap for property, probity, and industry.

"It is the horror of all great and wise men that love their kind.

"It is the devil's delight; and an imitation of his worst known vice."

We agree fully with the principle laid down by Mr. Reade, that an author's works are as sacred, and should be as well protected, as any other kind of property. We agree also with his conclusion, which is most ably stated—that the present policy of our stage-managers is in the highest degree injurious to their own interests. The following passage is well worthy of consideration:—

"In England the tailor who cuts is paid more than the tailors who sew his work, and in France the author draws about one-tenth of the nightly receipts of the theatre that plays his piece. At fifteen London theatres out of twenty he draws about one five-hundredth of the nightly receipts of his play; yet the theatres thrive far better in Paris than here. Hence I infer that God looks upon an author and his dependent family as human, though these brutes do not. Compelled to buy from France instead of stealing, the managers would cease to narrow their unconstitutional monopoly by closing those few theatres to original English talent. They would no longer play mediocre French pieces rather than read an original MS., which is confessedly the case now. They would select the best French plays, and pay for them such a price as the poor English inventor might just manage to compete with, without dying of absolute starvation. And they would not play quite so many French pieces as they do, and so English talent, being essentially dramatic, would creep in through the two chinks.

"When this had lasted five years, those indications of native talent, which I can see already, would crop

* The Eighth Commandment, By Charles Reade. (London: Trübner and Co.)

visibly out in all directions, and in twelve years from date of believing in God, Father of French and English authors, as well as of tinkers and tailors, genius would follow. In less than twenty years some great writer, finding himself freed from the massing competition of stolen goods, would either take a theatre, or insist upon a fair share of the receipts of one in return for his plays. The system, the old Shakesperian and modern French, once established, a great and glorious national drama would speedily follow by a law as certain as that which raises pictures or potatoes the moment a good market is open to the grower. If we could get the kidnapping swindle put down as well as the adaptation swindle, then the national drama in question would rise in a smaller number of years; that is all."

Is the law really so certain, Mr. Reade? and have the greatest works of the greatest authors been always produced at the time when remuneration was certain, and such writings would prove a good commercial speculation? Did Milton write his epic because there was a demand in the market for a great epic poem? or was it faith in their monetary value that produced Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," or the songs of Burns, or the "Essays" of John Foster? A writer for bread, or even a second-rate genius, will indeed turn his attention to the literature that pays; but the immortals, and the heaven-born geniuses of which Mr. Reade is fond of speaking, are not so inspired by the "almighty penny." The truth is, that we know nothing of the laws by which genius is regulated. This, however, we do know, that every era has borne witness to special developments, and that the phases of literature are as strongly marked in a nation's history as the phases of its social or political progress. In spite of Mr. Reade's statements, and of the weight which may fairly be attached to them, we question whether any encouragement whatever would give the drama that hold upon the nation's heart which it possessed in the times of Elizabeth and James. The genius of the age is lyrical rather than dramatic. Mr. Reade may say that if it be so, it is owing to the "kidnapping swindle," and the "adaptation swindle;" but it is possible he may be mistaken in referring all our deficiencies in this respect to a bad market, and in ignoring the many potent influences by which a nation's literature is moulded.

NEW NOVELS.

Aunt Dorothy's Will. By Cycla. (London: E. Marlborough and Co.) At a period so fertile in novels and romances as the present, when competition for favour in the eyes of the fiction loving world seems to have reached its height, a glance at the different plans adopted for securing public favour is decidedly productive of amusement. One author, putting his faith in his plot, and in the exceeding iniquity of his villain—to discomfit whose deeply-laid plans is nearly as hard work for the writer as it was to invent them—brings his horrors to market with a confidence not altogether unwarranted by the taste of the day. Author number two does not believe much in plots: he defies you to invent anything like a new one. He presents you with two or three characters or subjects, which he proceeds to anatomise, displaying the structure of their minds, and the hidden springs by which they are influenced; he throws a few incidents into his work, just to keep it together, and having thus "held the mirror up to nature," claims rank as a writer of a lofty style. The dreamily-sentimental novel, through whose pages sounds of tinkling rills and scenes of rural beauty accompany us, is rivalled by the savagely-sentimental romance, which keeps us in a state of anxiety and mental

desolation till it shall please the author to treat his hero or his heroine more in the manner of a gentleman and a Christian.

The work before us is written with tolerable confidence and fluency: it seems to trust for success to the world's love of scandal. Not that it deals largely in horrors, social infidelities, or anything of that kind. The author gives us certain characters, which are neither interesting nor original, and then proceeds, with one or two exceptions, to "run them down." They are not darkened for the purpose of displaying other characters in a brighter light; they are simply scandalised. This is the less excusable, because "Aunt Dorothy's Will" is decidedly a religious novel.

A certain Rev. Dr. Holtham resides in the Old Manor House, at Longtown, with his wife, his son, and two daughters; two pupils also form part of the Doctor's domestic circle. Mrs. Holtham is a vulgar woman, pretentious and fond of display; her daughters, who are very young at the period when we are introduced to them, are as different in appearance as they are in disposition; one being beautiful, satirical, and worldly-minded, the other plain in appearance, meek, and quite a shining light compared to the rest of her family, who resent her moral brilliancy by entirely depriving her of their sympathy; consequently, our heroine—for she is our heroine—is throughout the first volume almost always in a state of tears or mental depression, a circumstance which rather damps the reader's spirits, there being nobody else with whom he can have any sympathy at all. Of the pupils, one is the well-known model boy of religious novels; the other is by far the most pleasing person represented in the book, being a rough, honest-hearted lad, with a large heart, but no very liberal share of brains. We hardly ever hear of Dr. Holtham, who indeed has little or nothing to do with the story.

On our introduction to these *dramatis personæ*, who are assembled in a room of the Old Manor House, we find Miss Florence—the beauty—mimicking, to the delight of her mother and others of the party, the twisted mouth and shaking head of some mutual acquaintance. Cecil, the model boy, as in duty bound, enters his protest against such a subject of amusement; whereupon Mrs. Holtham, who is one of the parties to be "shown-up," says, "What did you say, Cecil? 'very wrong to make game of affliction.' I am surprised to hear you, who profess so much religion, make such an uncharitable remark, and try to damp our good spirits." What further observations this clergyman's wife might have considered it her duty to make, it is impossible to say, for a travelling carriage drives up, and our villain, who is an Italian, with a high and open brow, well-arched eyebrows, and sensual lips—in fact, to use a stage expression, a villain "with all the properties"—steps out, accompanied by his mother. They are received with *empressement*, for the villain is about to become a pupil of Dr. Holtham. The Italian's name is Tessier, and as soon as he has an opportunity of private converse with his mother, in the dressing-room provided for her accommodation by Mrs. Holtham, he opens the plot by asking his parent the very natural question—Who was his father? Madame's answer was round-about, tantalising, but to a certain extent satisfactory. M. Tessier's father had been a young and wealthy Englishman, who had married M. Tessier's mother privately, had quarrelled with her, and had afterwards gone to England and married somebody else. The faithless son of Albion was dead now; so was the "somebody else," and the estate, which

was within a stone's throw of the room in which they were sitting, was bequeathed to the only son of this marriage, then a minor, Norman Redesdale by name. Young Tessier was brought there to be in the neighbourhood, see how things looked, and endeavour to make himself agreeable to his unsuspecting brother, whilst Madame was completing the chain of evidence necessary to put him in possession of the Redesdale estates. At the close of the interview, Madame Tessier says with maternal frankness:—

"I shall need all my strength to remain calm to-morrow."

"Why?"

"Because I shall then meet one whom I detest; and yet must entirely conceal the feeling; nay, counterfeited the reverse."

Having thus "shown up" the *bella madre* of Italy, Cycla proceeds to take a note of the conduct of the British mamma. A certain Aunt Dorothy has announced her intention of coming on a visit to Mrs. Holtham, and in her letter states that she is looking for some person or persons to whom she may leave her money. All is, of course, excitement at Old Manor House; the British mamma, though a clergyman's wife, feels bound to give the following somewhat worldly advice to her two favourite children:—

"Florence and James, let me talk to you seriously. Of course you each wish to supplant the other—that is human nature; but you will find on reflection that by helping one another, you will each be helping yourselves; and I think it probable that your aunt will leave you equally well cared for. My sister is, I know, of rather a suspicious disposition. I cannot tell you more about her, except that people may have remarked to me that she has many peculiar notions. . . . Now were I to praise either, or both of you, to her, she would suspect a motive; the same might be the case were either of you to appear too officious in pleasing her; you must each praise and show off the other—it will appear so noble, so disinterested, and I shall speak of you as perfect models of brotherly love and affection—Do you understand?"

"Yes, mamma; perfectly. No fear of my not acting my part to perfection: 'Dear brother James, so unselfish, so gentle!' But one thing, mamma: if you let Jessie know anything about it, she is sure to spoil it all. How fortunate, too, that Cecil is away with Norman! I am glad the old thing is coming in the holidays."

"The old thing" does come. She pretends to be deaf, and consequently has the benefit of some very vivid sketches of her own real or supposed imperfections, delivered in *asides* by her hypocritical nephew and niece. She marks the goodness and sincerity of Jessie, our heroine, and quietly goes away, leaving no token behind her of her presence except the wrath of Mrs. Holtham. That lady's teaching, strange as it may appear, did not tend to render her interesting children at all hypocritical in the expression of their sentiments one to the other; on the contrary, their frankness scorned the ordinary rules of courtesy, as the following playful little piece of *badinage* will show. Florence shoots an arrow into a tree, where it remains. She opines that when it comes down it will be good for nothing.

"'Good enough for your shooting,' answered James."

"Really, one's own relations are the most disagreeable people in the universe; brothers especially."

"Shall I tell you why, Florence?" said he, maliciously, pleased at seeing her temper rise—"because relations are behind the scenes! so polite to others, all sugar and honey in public, and vinegar at home. I believe girls have dispositions like cat's feet, some get the velvet and others the scratches."

"I certainly wish I had cat's talons at this moment!" cried Florence, half laughing in spite of her temper.

"For my face? thank you; after all, they might

be useful in helping you to climb the tree after your arrow."

The next circumstance of interest which occurs in the family circle, after the departure of Aunt Dorothy, is the sudden disappearance of Cecil—formerly the model boy—who is, we believe, looked on by the author as the hero of the story. This young gentleman having received a call, does not wait to enter the Established Church—indeed he does not approve of that institution—nor even to bid his friends good-bye, but sets off to preach to any one willing to listen to him.

Meantime, the plot slowly progresses, and our villain is not entirely idle, for he manages to break into Redesdale Hall, with the assistance of a poacher, and take away with him most of the private papers of the late Mr. Redesdale. About this time Aunt Dorothy dies, leaving her property to Jessie, in case she marries before she has attained the age of twenty-five. Tessier, who requires money to commence proceedings, and who happens to hold a bill forged by James Holtham, desires the latter to procure for him his sister's hand and fortune. James has an interview with Jessie, who dislikes Tessier exceedingly, and tells her that either she must sacrifice herself or he must be transported. The peculiar spirit displayed by Jessie, and her savage self-denial, is worth quoting:—

"Yes, she would be revenged; and full of these feelings she spoke to him.

"Why should you expect I am to sacrifice myself for you, to save you from disgrace, to spare your conscience? Have you ever been a brother to me? ever loved me? ever sacrificed one trifling wish to give me pleasure? No, never; you know you never did. Did you ever exert your influence with mamma to spare me? did you ever use it otherwise than to increase your power of thwarting and tormenting, and trampling on me? And now I can repay it all to you. I can refuse to marry this man, and you are a disgrace—a mere felon. I can do this. I can revenge myself as you would do if things were just reversed, and I were in your power; but I will not do it. I must save papa at whatever cost, and here Jessie's voice betrayed an emotion which she quickly conquered; 'but I will make this sacrifice from another motive as well. You have injured me, tortured me, detested me; and I sacrifice myself for you—and heap coals of fire on your head—that is my revenge.'"

However, Jessie does not marry Tessier after all, but does marry Cecil. As to Norman Redesdale, certain letters in his guardian's possession prove to him clearly that his father really did marry Tessier's mother; so poor Norman declines going to law, and goes to sea instead, en route for America. M. Tessier takes possession, and remains in statu quo until the author's sense of justice leads him to discover papers which prove that Madame Tessier had an extra husband at the time of her marriage with Mr. Redesdale. So things are made pleasant for him. The Holtham family come to grief, especially the fair and witty Florence, who represents herself as an heiress to "catch" a supposed man of property, and marries a pauper. There is a good deal of amusement to be derived from this work, but it is not of a healthy kind; the characters are either thoroughly unamiable, or disagreeably eccentric. The plot is beneath criticism.

POETRY.

Wandering Cries. (Partridge and Co.) This is a volume of graceful and tender verse, written with a purity and depth of feeling which is as pleasant and refreshing as the breath of evening. They are not poems for which we can predict any durable reputation. Their composition has probably been a work of love to their author, as the reflex of passing emotions; and the reader will like them as

reflecting, perchance, many of his own mental moods. Although wanting in strength, all lovers of genuine feeling and of sacred song will give this unassuming little volume an affectionate welcome. A few of the pieces, thanks to Mr. Dickens's good taste, have already appeared in "Household Words."

The following shows much graceful versification:—

"Farewell! I think to-morrow there will be
One sand-speck less on thine exhaustless shore,
One insect life lost to the peopled sea,
One small shell stolen from the spangled floor;
Untwined, perchance, one poor dishevelled tress
Of seaweed from a rock, or, on the fleece
Of one lone wave, a single foam-flake less;—
So much am I to thee, thou fount of half my peace."

We cannot resist the pleasure of giving another little poem entire, in the author's favourite measure:—

SNOWDROPS.

"Fair flowers that blossom'd by the far-off sea,
White treasures stolen from their soft grass-nest,
Whose beauties, when their snow-tint fades, will be
Gone like pure thoughts that never were express'd.
No more shall rough winds touch them, never more
In their home-nooks shall they enchant the sight
But wild sea-plinks shall cluster as before
Where yesterday their leaves drew in the light."

"For this, 'mid waving grasses, far away,
Their seeds were set, safe carried by the wind;
For this they shone, outwhitening the sea spray,
That here they might at last a welcome find;
For this the sea-breeze fanned them constantly;
For this they gleam'd along the rocky heights,
And trembled to sea-times in harmony,
That here they might go out, like little lights."

"I tend them kindly; but all I can do
Will never lure their fairy souls to stay;
Their beauty slowly ceases from the view,
Like music that in distance dies away,
Meekly each flower clasps its leaves to sleep,
But twilight change their snowy cheeks flits o'er,
For then the sprites from their pure bosoms creep
To roam in old haunts, and return no more."

A May Garland. By Julia S. Blott. (London: Kent and Co., Paternoster Row.) Most youthful poets and poetesses select the month of May for the composition and publication of their efforts. Perhaps the May of the present year has been too chilling for "Wayside Flowers, gathered in the spring of life," and the friends of Miss Blott who have urged their being given to the world have advised quiescence till July, when the crowd of May poets have passed by, and the sword of the critic has been blunted by the too frequent slashing which is required to repress a luxuriant poetic ardour. In our days, unfortunately, four out of five who ought not to do so demand the lyre, and

"Feel the stirrings of a gift divine,"

when, unfortunately, the unearthly fire glowing in their bosoms is only lit by the wild imagination of the too sanguine author. Miss Blott, however, is not to be classed with such. From the name we fancied we were to peruse another of those wild American effusions against which of late it has been our duty to warn our readers. We were therefore glad to find, in the first place, no pretensions straining at singularity, or wish to set critics at defiance. The verses before us are in general characterised by attention to rules of rhyme and metre, which is not always to be found among authors even of a fair rank. Again, we find here a good deal of common sense, and in the religious poems a degree of Christian feeling without extravagance, which does our authoress credit. We may quote a few lines in the Prelude to the religious poems, referring to a child gazing with religious awe on the wonders of nature, as a specimen of considerable elegance and promise:—

"For thee, the crisp and dewy leaves of morn,
Bathing themselves in brooks, shall have a voice!
For thee, the pure white of the ring-dove's wing,
Nestling amid the blue forget-me-nots,
Shall hence recall thy childhood's cherished hours!
The exquisite odours of the crimson rose,
Mingling with starry flowers whose tiny seeds
Fall in the earth, and wait their resurrection,
Shall teach thee patience."

"At Evening tide there shall be light," and "A Birthday in Heaven," alluding to the practice in Wales of garlanding the graves of the dead on the anniversary of their death—as they term it, their birthday in heaven—are also religious pieces of considerable merit. Several poems in the volume, descriptive of sea or river scenery, are commendable; one especially, in which the banks of the Orwell are depicted, where we are told:—

"On its banks, so like the Rhine,
Gleam old castled walls sublime."

Some pieces show that the authoress is capable, with future care and thought, of rising above the common herd. The stanzas describing the Judean Martyr at the stake, predicting to Nero his own fate and the future fate of Rome, contain some spirited lines:—

"Rome, Rome, thou art no more the hand
Of freedom and of worth!
Thy noblest sons are sinking fast
In premature decay:
Their marble ancestors agast
Behold them night and day!
I hear the Vandals at thy gates,
I see thy armies slain."

We could willingly have wished the greater part of the volume, which contains too much of sentimental and melancholy love-poetry, replaced by lines like these. Of a similarly elevated tone is the "Tournament." And in the longings of a "Poet for the Country," were it not that we are too much reminded of Tennyson's "Christmas Chimes," his "ringing out the narrowing lust of gold," and so on, we might accord the praise, now so rare, of something of originality. We sympathise in the denunciations of Mammon, who—

"Wedded man and maiden—Mammon ruleth far and free:
Mammon has a broader kingdom than Victoria our queen;
In our loftiest seats of honour, is his cloven gold foot seen!"

Unfortunately, however, in noticing these four or five pieces, we think we have selected most of the gems of the volume. Why should an author who is capable of much good versification, write trash like this?—

"That she cared one iota for the insanity
That sacrificed her father, sister, brother—"

Had not such lines as these been, we think, a single stain on the rest, we could not have spoken so favourably as we have done. In the preface, the authoress bespeaks forbearance on the ground that with her "tis early morning yet, and mists mingling with the sunbeams, may make the day dubious." Though we look for more brilliant and unclouded poetic sunlight, if care and judgment are exercised, in future efforts, we must, while willingly according praise to several gems, advise to the poetess and her friends *multa litura*, as regards the great majority of the sentimental descriptions of ill-requited love which too often meet us, and make up by far the greater portion of this volume.

Poems. By Morgan de Pembroke. (A. W. Bennett.) There is some musical feeling in these verselets, but the expression is feeble, and Mr. Morgan de Pembroke, like wiser bards, occasionally writes nonsense. In the poem on Leila, that lady, or rather "an angel spirit" who once owned the name, is represented as living in the brightest and best star in heaven, where—so sings our poet:—

"She loves me well,
As none can tell;
And pardons sin,
And bids me cheer."

This is a wretched specimen of Mr. De Pembroke's poetry, and a worse specimen of his theology. We are bound to add, that some of his verses are as much above mediocrity as the lines which we have quoted are below it.

SHORT NOTICES.

Greek History from Themistocles to Alexander, in a Series of Lives from Plutarch. Revised and arranged by A. H. Clough, some time Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. (London: Longman.) This history embraces the lives of the chief Greek heroes from the time of Themistocles, the hero of Salamis, to that of Alexander, the conqueror of Greece. It is not without reason, says Mr. Clough, that "Plutarch's Lives" have been so much neglected. What man who was at liberty to read of Pericles and Lysander in the energetic language of Thucydides, the greatest historian of Athens, would care to ponder over the less entertaining and far less accurate pages of Plutarch? But Plutarch deserves to be read, were it only for the three lives of Timoleon, Demosthenes, and Alexander. The author observes with great truth that Plutarch's point of view is not political, and that for this reason he is "truer to antiquity." The comparative value of his writings may be judged from the frequent references to them which we observe both in the histories of Thirlwall and Grote. The translations which have been revised in this little

volume by Mr. Clough, are taken by permission from the edition lately published in America by Messrs. Little and Brown of Boston. But there are many alterations, and we think them in the majority of instances correct. The author gives a short account of Plutarch's own life in his preface. He lived under the domination of ten of the Roman emperors, from the time of Claudius to that of Hadrian, some of whom were the greatest tyrants that the world ever saw; and it is strange indeed, yet such was his exclusive attention to his subject, that no political complaint ever escaped him in writing the lives of his immortal heroes. In the edition before us, the marginal dates will prove of the greatest assistance to the student, and they appear to be placed wherever such assistance is most needed. The woodcuts are pretty, though some of them seem hardly important or even entertaining in a sufficient degree to vindicate their position. We would refer especially to the Herma, or statue of Mercury, on page 140, and the Astragalizontes on page 176. The reason of the introduction of this latter woodcut at the end of the life of Alcibiades, without having the slightest reference to the preceding portion of the narrative, we are totally at a loss to conceive, unless Mr. Clough intends it to be believed that the Greek "knuckle-bones" was a favourite pastime of that ill-starred and effeminate youth in his later years, and yet in the illustration (?) the players are supposed to be beings whom we should have thought (had it not been from the word Astragalizontes kindly interpreting their occupation) influenced by the extremest agony, from the generally unhappy expressions of their countenances, and in consequence of the peculiar positions they have both thought fit to assume. It had been better, perhaps, to have given a translation of the Astragalizontes (as, left to their own resources, the knuckle-bones bear a striking resemblance to daisies) for the sake of the non-classical, who will probably form a majority among the readers of this book. Not that it will prove uninteresting to students; but, from the reasons we have given above, the greater portion of the subjects of this work will be read in another volume. But Mr. Clough seems to have fully appreciated, and may be said to have fairly satisfied, the intellectual requirements of this former class in his frequent and elucidatory notes. Such is the derivation of "conic," and its meaning for the reader to whom the term "iconoclast" is unknown; such is the story of Mount Ptoom, which was so called because Latona was frightened there; such the information that victors were crowned with garlands at the Olympic, Pythian, Thracian, and Nemean games. In a note on Timoleon's building a chapel in his house and sacrificing therein to Good Hope (which, by the way, is perhaps not quite a literal translation of the Greek word) is introduced the "Demon, or Sacred Genius" of Socrates. We presume that Mr. Clough considers the expressions generally, or in this case at least, synonymous. Mr. Clough must be aware that this question has been very much disputed, and must have read the strange explanation of Madame Dacier as well as the more rational one of Sir Alex. Grant—and since Socrates' demon is after all a matter which has very little to do with Timoleon or his private chapel, and is a subject in itself on which a long treatise could be written, the comparison might have been more happily omitted. We know not whether the editor is responsible for the translation of the verses on the death of Patroclus in the life of Alexander:—

"Death seized at last on great Patroclus too,
Though he in virtue far exceeded you."

If he is, it is fortunate for his readers that Plutarch was not a poet. Notwithstanding the few slight defects which we have noticed after a careful reading, the book is, on the whole, interesting and well arranged. We shall be glad to see a second volume, of which our author gives us a hint in his preface. The two volumes might indeed be read, as he justly remarks, "the one after the other, without any feeling of sameness;" and we will add, with a feeling of delight.

England's Daybreak. (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday) 1860. This is a valuable and interesting record of the Martyrs of the English Reformation, drawn from the most authentic sources, and depict-

ing their personal history, characters, and sufferings. The volume commences with a description of the state of society in England at the close of the fourteenth century, the lamentable ignorance which then prevailed, and the gradual dawn of the light of the Reformation in different parts of the country, especially at the Universities; tracing its progress through the dark scenes of persecution in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Mary, and the short days of comparative peace which intervened under Edward VI., to its final establishment under Elizabeth. The biographies of Tyndal and Bilney are particularly interesting, as are those of Latimer, Cranmer, and other fathers of the English Church. The story of their sufferings is indeed an appalling one, and one which it is almost as impossible as painful to realise in these days. We think few will rise from the perusal of these simple and touching memorials without feelings of sympathy, admiration, and gratitude for those noble spirits whose constancy and faithfulness were thus tried. The writer takes a calm and impartial view of the historical questions of those times, and the Christian spirit of the book must commend itself to all.

Sussex Archaeological Collections. Vol. XII. (London: John Russell Smith, 1860.) Sylvanus Urban was long the sole depository of discoveries, communications, and illustrations of ancient customs, monuments, and remains. Now, it duly month by month presents us with an admirable summary of the proceedings of the various archaeological societies, but the latter, for the most part, possess their own organs. While the Yorkshire, Leicestershire, and Northamptonshire have been compelled to amalgamate their journals, the Sussex bids fair to rival the Cambrian or Elia in the extent and value of its independent papers or annual volumes. We regret to observe in the present volume a tendency to verbosity and unnecessary dilation in several articles. For instance, the paper on "Uckfield" might easily have been compressed, as Madame D'Arbaly, nearly a century ago, confessed that it "afforded her nothing worthy of record." Edward I. made it his resting-place during a royal progress in 1299, and Dr. George D'Oyley and Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, the latter the editor of "Ecclesiastical Biography," and the former associated with Bishop Mant in the edition of the "Bible and Book of Common Prayer," have held the living. Uckfield cell, now used by a baker, to our eyes looks remarkably like a store-chamber, though the author hesitates to decide whether it was of "ecclesiastical character" or built for "a prison." The "Hermitage Rocks," with which the famous cells of Warkworth or the chambers in the "Point" at Blackheath ought to have been compared, are interesting from the fact that they once adjoined a vineyard. J. Markland, the critic, and Dr. E. Clarke, the traveller, were residents at Uckfield. In another paper on "Anchorites' Cells," by the same author, we observe two or three ugly misprints—e.g., *reclusoriums*; and *ἀνὰ τὴν ἀνακτορίαν*; and Comes *Pitoris* Saxonici; a total omission of any reference to the interesting *Antecessæ* Rule published by the Camden Society, and a quaint admission that he has no knowledge of a Saint Cyriac. If he will turn to Alban Butler or the Roman Calendar, he will find a mention of his history under August 8:—"Cyriaci, Largi et Smaragdi Mart." and learn the reason why the order of hermits bore his name. Of the highly interesting hermitage upon the Roche rocks, in Cornwall, he makes no mention. There is an instance of an anchorite's cell over the parvise of Lowestoft, and some remains of a similar cell are pointed out at Norwich. The suggestion that monks and nuns were never immured, is simply contradicted by the evidence of the fact which another member of the society, the Rev. E. Trollope, has adduced as Thornton Abbey. In the papers on the Cinque Ports, we observe that the old coronation canopies, now preserved at Hastings, are not mentioned; although a very interesting map of that town is given immediately after. Of the Tudor manor-house, Brede Place, we have two good illustrations. The articles of primary local value are perhaps the copies of monumental inscriptions at Seaford and Berwick, and the elaborate and laborious collection of church-dedications in West Sussex, compiled from wills and episcopal registers. Mr. M. A. Lowes

supplies an ingenious identification of the mutilated trunk of a torso, found in the coach-house of the Earl of Chichester, as part of the effigy of Sir E. Dalungrygge, the builder of Rodham Castle. Mr. Nichols, by a conclusive process of reasoning, proves that the name of Calshot Castle, at the entrance of Southampton Water, preserves a corrupted form of Cerdic's Ora, but wavers between Shirley near Southampton, and Shirley near Christchurch, in deciding which was the site of the defeat of Cerdic. We incline to fix on the latter locality, as there are traces of a very ancient encampment still remaining there. Mr. Tierney produces incontestable evidence that John, the seventeenth earl of Arundel, was buried in the Collegiate Chapel; and we can only hope that the Sussex society, which must command in its collective capacity both ample funds and respect, would give a practical proof of their interest in the past and the present by taking effective steps to promote the restoration of that edifice, its state now being unworthy of its sacred destination, and a dishonour to the country at large. The article on "Military Tenures," by Mr. Fearon, might with advantage have been more extensive; it is gestive, however, as it stands, for the author very happily contrasts the feudal system—"a national militia, composed of barons, knights, and gentlemen with their retainers and dependents" founded on compulsory service—with the splendid exhibition of patriotic feeling given by the formation of volunteer corps. No coast was more exposed than that of Sussex to hostile descents from the time of Cæsar and William of Normandy to the close of the middle ages; and we can only hope (though we do not anticipate the contingency) that, in the event of any threat of invasion, the men of Sussex may imitate the courage of the Pelhams at Seaford when D'Annebault was compelled to leave the coast, and the good service of the Abbot of Battle, who held Winchelsea unharmed, saying, in memorable words, "he stood there not to challenge, but to defend."

Glimpses of Ocean Life; or, Rock-pools, and the Lessons they Teach. By John Harper, F.R.S.S.A. (Edinburgh: T. Nelson and Sons.) In a very apt quotation from Shakespeare, on the title-page of this volume, Mr. Harper tells us that he has purchased experience by his "penny of observation." We can only say that Mr. Harper's penny is worth more than most men's pounds. As a student of the manners and customs of marine animals, as a close and accurate observer of the curiosities of the sea-shore, as a quiet humourist who enjoys the fun of low life—such life, we mean, as is often exhibited ludicrously enough in the aquarium—and as a bright, cheerful writer, we commend Mr. Harper to our readers for a sea-side companion. Indeed, he has written a book so peculiarly adapted to the young, and so likely to prove acceptable to all, that we hope, for the sake of science, and of the peculiar charm attaching to marine zoology, that these "Glimpses of Ocean Life," will very speedily reach a second edition. Mr. Harper disclaims in his introduction any higher character than that of "a holiday caterer," and adds that "no lessons but the simplest are attempted to be conveyed in this little volume." But "The Glimpses of Ocean Life" is in reality the work of a naturalist, who does not look at his subject merely through the "spectacles of books," but has acquired most of the facts he has related from personal observation. Many of these will be familiar to the student of marine zoology, but he must be either a very knowing or a very foolish man, who cannot gain some instruction from every chapter in this little volume. We do not pretend to such an attachment for actinies and crustacea, for vorticellæ and asteridæ, as Mr. Harper evinces; but our respect for these members of the animal kingdom is considerably raised by his description and illustrations of their charms. The book is beautifully printed, and is in all respects worthy of commendation.

The Two Bishops: A Tale of the Nineteenth Century. (London: The Catholic Publishing and Bookselling Company.) This tale, intensely sectarian, is not likely to please any class of readers. The arguments brought forward, whether answerable or unanswerable, are uncommonly old, and by this time wonderfully threadbare. Our author has had the good taste to give us some very unexceptionable characters,

as far as social position is concerned; and when we learn that such distinguished sheep as a bishop who has preached, and a fast young guardsman who has practised heresy, returned at last to the fold, we feel somewhat less aggrieved at the want of plot and general dulness of the work before us. The heroine, who also "went over," is decidedly a *rara avis*. The author requests that you will "picture to yourself, reader, all that you could ever imagine a beautiful woman to be," in order that your ideal may "fall short of the matchless, glorious beauty of Marion Vavasour!" We also learn that "no pen could pourtray the surpassing loveliness of that face, or convey the expression of holiness and purity in those large violet eyes." With sorrow we find that Marion's mother, Lady Blanche Vavasour, was essentially a woman of the world, and we entirely refuse to sympathise with her grief, occasioned by the "obstinacy" of her daughter Marion, "who would not be convinced that a season in town was absolutely necessary if she ever wished to be considered *crème de la crème*." The lady, who at the beginning of our tale was a heretic, becomes towards the close a Sister of Mercy; so we presume that her taste for the milk of human kindness prevailed over the allurements of the *crème de la crème*.

THE MAGAZINES.

"The Art Journal" (James S. Virtue) contains this month two very attractive engravings: one of the *Wife of Rubens* from a painting by Rubens himself, the other entitled *Ruin, Steam, and Speed*, from a painting by Turner. We do not think *Going to Labour*, after a picture by Ibbetson, well selected. If the boy in the fore-ground were returning from labour, we should be better satisfied with the stiffness which characterises his figure. "Medieval Manners," by Thomas Wright, F.S.A., is an ingenious and carefully-prepared paper, the result of very extensive research: it will be read with pleasure and profit. A good article on "The Early Days of Wilkie," is supplied by the pen of Mr. John Burnet, F.S.A. It is astonishing with what perseverance and virulence Mr. Walter Thornbury, in his article on Cruikshank, goes out of his way to abuse Ainsworth. "Ainsworth's staidly rubbish, now all but forgotten and soon to sink deep in the mud-pool of oblivion, was even illuminated with a false splendour by this great humorist;" and again (p. 231) he speaks of the "frivolous inanity" of Ainsworth's fiction. Without joining issue with Mr. Thornbury on the merits of Ainsworth as a novelist, we would recommend him for the future to confine himself more to the subject which he has in hand.

"Good Words," Edited by Norman Macleod, D.D. To that portion of readers, and especially of young readers, for whom unhealthy excitement forms no portion of the attractiveness of a magazine, "Good Words" will be very welcome. "Lady Somerville's Maidens" and the "Ascent of Mont Blanc" are both excellent in their way. We were especially pleased with a piece of poetry entitled "The Lone One," which is full of tender feeling, and displays a simple grace which leads us to hope that the initials H. W. T. may frequently appear in the pages of Dr. Macleod's Journal.

NOTES AND ANALYSIS OF ALL THE NEW BOOKS.

"Handbook of Painting: the German, Flemish, and Dutch Schools. Based on the Handbook of Kugler. Enlarged, and for the most part Re-written." By Dr. Waagen. (London: John Murray.)

Dr. Waagen has sought to do for Kugler's Handbook of German, French, and Dutch Art, what Sir Charles Eastlake has done for Kugler on Italian Art. Kugler had given slender attention to artists of later schools; for instance, he has dismissed Cuypp with scarcely a word. It is well known that Dr. Waagen has devoted many years' study to these schools in the different galleries of Europe. Mr. Murray is anxious that the present edition, as far as may be, should have the recommendation of finality. It has not entered Dr. Waagen's plan to give an

account of living painters in Germany and the Netherlands. The sources from whence the history is drawn of course are the existing monuments of art, and written notices of these monuments and their authors, which are scanty enough before the fifteenth century. The following are the contents of the six books:—Book I. (A.D. 800—1250) treats of the "Early Christian Byzantine Epoch, and the Byzantine Romanesque Epoch." Book II. (1250—1420) deals with the "First Epoch of the Teutonic Styles, tracing Painting from the mere Illumination of Outlines to its more independent character." Book III. (1420—1530), "Complete Development of the Teutonic Feeling for Art in the Spirit of the Middle Ages." Book IV. (1530—1600), "Deterioration of the Teutonic Style of Art as regards Historical Painting." Book V. (1600—1690.) We have now come to the "Fourth Epoch, and the Second Development of the Teutonic Feeling for Art." Book VI. (1700—1810.) "The Decline of Art."

"Supplementary Despatches, Correspondence, and Memoranda of Field Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington, K.G." Edited by his Son, the Duke of Wellington, K.G. Volume VI. (London: John Murray. 1860.)

The period covered by this, the sixth volume of the "Supplementary Despatches," &c., extends from July, 1807, to December, 1810. The volume is divided into four chapters, of which the first refers to the Expedition to Denmark in 1807, Sir Arthur Wellesley having been appointed in July of that year to command the "Reserve of the Army" proceeding to Copenhagen. The second relates to Spanish America, and contains details of proposed plans for the conquest of Mexico, of Manila, and of the Spanish Provinces in South America, during the three years 1806-7-8. The third contains despatches, &c., relating to the British campaigns in Portugal in 1808-9. The fourth comprises various documents connected with the Peninsular war.

"Leaves from the Olive Mount: Poems." By Catherine Frances Macready. (London: Chapman and Hall.)

This little volume of poems is from the pen of the daughter of the famous tragedian, to whom it is dedicated. Half the volume is occupied by a poem entitled "The Passion Flower." The others are shorter, on a variety of subjects. The title is used, as we are told in the short prefatory notice, in allusion to the religious sentiment pervading the poems.

"Church Life in Australia." By Rev. T. Binney. Second Edition. (London: Jackson and Walford.)

To the second Edition of Mr. Binney's work is added a chapter containing an article reprinted from the "Patriot" newspaper, on another article by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, in "Macmillan's Magazine," entitled "The Revision of the Liturgy." Mr. Binney has also printed a letter from Mr. Maurice to himself, "in further explanation of his views."

"The Diary of a Judge." From the Notebook of a deceased Judge. (Wood and Jack.)

This professes to be a selection from the notebook of a deceased aged French Judge, who held a judicial appointment in France during the life of Napoleon the First.

"A Handbook to the Christian Year, for Young People." By Mrs. Stowe. (London: Joseph Masters.)

This is an account of the various sacred seasons commemorated in the Church Service. The aim of the author has been to interest the young, and the book is consequently made as "undidactic as possible, consistently with due reverence to the subject."

"The Two Thousand Confessors of Sixteen Hundred and Sixty-Two." By Thomas Coleman. (London: John Snow.)

This is an account of the Nonconformist clergy who were ejected from their livings at the period of the Restoration. There is an account of the events that led to their ejection; the principles on which

they acted; the oppressive measures under which they suffered; a collection of various facts and anecdotes, examples of their eminent piety and useful preaching; a view of their influence on succeeding times; and a final chapter on the Establishment and Dissenters.

"A Guide to the Coasts of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk; descriptive of Scenery, Historical, Legendary, and Archaeological." By Mackenzie E. C. Walecott, M.A., of Exeter College, Oxford. (London: Stamford.)

This is another of the Travellers' Guide-books illustrative of our own country. The object has been to produce a compact, trustworthy, portable, inexpensive volume, easy of reference, embracing particular districts, illustrated by the remarks of distinguished authors, and restricted in description to the most observable scenes and to spots of general interest.

"The Englishman in China. (Saunders and Otley.)

The purport of this book is to give some account of the inner life of European residents in China. The volume is a compilation from a series of letters written by the compiler's friend during four years' stay in the Celestial Empire, with some slight additions. The work is profusely illustrated.

"Wild Oats, and Dead Leaves": By Albert Smith. (London: Chapman and Hall, 1860.)

This is a republication of certain papers and sketches, both in prose and verse, contributed by the late Albert Smith to various magazines and periodicals commencing from the year 1840. They were, excepting three or four articles at the end, all in type at the time of the writer's death, and even the preface is written by himself and dated so late as May of the present year. Their object is simply the amusement of those who take the volume up. The last piece in the volume is a translation of Bürger's "Lenora," the translator adhering strictly to the metre of the original.

"Book of Vagabonds and Beggars." (London: J. C. Hotten.)

This is a translation by Mr. J. C. Hotten, of the "Liber Vagatorum," with a preface by Martin Luther, written in 1528. Mr. Hotten has refined the language of the old German version. It is intended as a picture of the manners and customs of the Vagabond populations of Central Europe before the Reformation.

"Literary Reminiscences and Gleanings." By Richard Wright Procter, author of "The Barber's Shop." (Manchester: T. Durham and Co.; London; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., 1860.)

The book is divided into three parts:—Part I. containing reminiscences or gleanings of "Our Elder Bards." Part II. Contemporaneous authors. Part III. Miscellaneous remarks on sundry graves and epitaphs of obscure and half forgotten writers and artists. The reminiscences are local, being apparently confined to the celebrities of Lancashire—amongst which are the names of John Byron, Robert Walker, and the poet Ogden—Selections from their works are given at the end of each notice.

We have received the fifth edition of Dr. Thomson's (the Provost of Queen's College, Oxford,) "Outlines of the Laws of Thought." (Longman.)

"Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Moore." Edited by Lord John Russell. People's Edition. Parts 7 and 8.

"The Bushranger; or, Mark Brandon, the Convict." By Charles Rowcroft, Esq. Hodgson's New Series of Novels, Vol. X. (London: Thomas Hodgson.)

"The Natural History Review, and Quarterly Journal of Science." July, 1860. (Williams and Norgate.)

"Our National Defences Practically Considered." By Lieut.-Col. Baker. Second Edition. (Chapman and Hall.)

"The Atonement by Propitiation." By the Rev. C. Herbert. (Nisbet.)

"Principles and Practice of Just Intonation." Fourth Edition. (Edinburgh Wilson.)

"The Cousins." By Agnes M. Stewart. (London: Catholic Publishing Company.)

"Practical Paris Guide." By an Englishman Abroad. Fourth Edition. (London: Longman Paris: Galignani.)

"Practical Swiss Guide." By an Englishman Abroad. Fifth Edition. (London: Longman.)

"Practical Rhine Guide." By an Englishman Abroad. Fourth Edition.

BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Alice; a Tale of Real Life; and other Poems, by B. P. 12mo, 4s. 6d. Wertheim and Co.
Ancient Danish Ballads, translated from the original by R. C. A. Prior, M.D., 3 vols., 8vo., 31s. 6d. Williams and Norgate.

Binney (T.), Lights and Shadows of a Church Life in Australia, 2nd edition, post 8vo., 5s. Jackson and Walford.

Cathral (W.), Guide Through North Wales, 12mo., 5s. Stanford.

Cayley (C. B.), The Psalms in Metre, post 8vo., 6s. Longman and Co.

Chamier (Capt. F.), Life of a Sailor, new edition, 12mo., 2s. Routledge and Co.

Coleman (Thomas), The Two Thousand Confessors of 1662, 12mo., 3s. Snow.

Cummins (M. S.), El Faridés; a Tale of Mount Lebanon, cheap edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Low and Son.

Dalby (F. F.), Guide to the Channel Islands, 2nd edition, 18mo., 2s. 6d. Stanford.

Damon (R.), Hand-Book to the Geology of Weymouth and the Island of Portland, 12mo., 5s. Stanford.

Dendy (W. C.), Guide to the Isles of Britain South of the Clyde, 4 vols. in 1 vol., post 8vo., 5s. 6d. Bickers and Bush.

Dendy (W. C.), Guide to the Wild Hebrides, post 8vo., 3s. Bickers and Bush.

Dendy (W. C.), Guide to the Isles of the Channel, post 8vo., 2s. 6d. Bickers and Bush.

Dendy (W. C.), Guides, 3 vols. in 1 vol., post 8vo., 3s. Bickers and Bush.

Detective's Note-Book (The), edited by Charles Martell, new edition, 12mo., 2s. Ward and Lock.

Diary of a Judge; compiled by Lieutenant-Colonel Addison, 12mo., 2s. Ward and Lock.

Douglas (Sir H.), On Naval Warfare with Steam, 2nd edit., 8vo., 3s. 6d. Murray.

Douglas (Sir H.), Treatise on Naval Gunnery, 5th edition, 8vo., 21s. Murray.

Family Atlas of Modern Geography, 37 full coloured maps, royal 4to., 21s. Routledge.

Forbes (Bp. A. P.), The Waning of Opportunities; Sermons Doctrinal and Practical, 12mo., 4s. 6d. Masters.

Genesis of the Earth and of Man, edited by Rev. S. Poole, 2nd edition, post 8vo., 6s. Williams and Norgate.

Gurney (A.), Poems of, new and revised edition, 12mo., 6s. Longman and Co.

Gurney (A.), Iphigenia at Delphi; a Tragedy, 8vo., reduced to 4s. Longman.

Hall (Sidney), The English Counties, with all the Railways; also, Maps of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, post folio, 24s. Chapman and Hall.

Hand-Book of Betting; or, How to Make your Book, by Mathematician, 2nd edition, 32mo., 2s. 6d. Smart.

Hibberd (S.), The Book of the Aquarium; Marine and River Animals and Plants, new edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Groombridge.

Hibberd (S.), The Book of the Aquarium; Fresh Water, 12mo., 2s. Groombridge.

Hibberd (S.), The Book of the Aquarium; Marine, 12mo., 2s. Groombridge.

Horace, The Works of, with English Notes by Joseph Currie, 12mo., 6s. Griffin.

Horace, Notes on, Explanatory, Critical, &c., by Joseph Currie, 12mo., 4s. Griffin.

Hutton (C.), Course of Mathematics, new and revised edition, by W. Rutherford, 8vo., 12s. Tegg and Co.

Kugler's Handbook of Painting. German, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, revised and enlarged, by Dr. Waagen, 2 vols., post 8vo., 24s. Murray.

Mills (P. C.), Wine Guide, Hints on Purchasing and Management of Foreign Wines, 18mo., 1s. Groombridge.

Morrison (Lieut.), Astronomy in a Nutshell, 12mo., 1s. Borge.

Murray's Handbook for Travellers in South Wales, 12mo., 5s. 6d. Murray.

Myline (G. W.), Plain Words for the Sick and Aged, third series, 12mo., 2s. Wertheim.

Northcote (J.), Fables; Original and Selected, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Routledge.

Orb of Light (The), or the Apocalyptic Vision, by a Lady, 12mo., 5s. Wertheim.

Paley (W.), The Works of, a new edition, royal 8vo., 12s. Tegg.

Plain or Ringlets, by the author of "Handley Crook," with illustrations by Leech, 8vo., 14s. Bradbury and Evans.

Ravlinson (Rev. G.), Bampton Lectures for 1889, second edition, 8vo., 14s. Murray.

Rouse's Practical Man, ninth edition improved, square, 8s. 6d. Maxwell.

Savile (C. S.), Night and Day, a Novel, 3 vols., post 8vo., 31s. 6d. Hurst and Blackett.

Smith (R.), Exercises in Arithmetic, part 1, post 8vo., 1s. Macmillan and Co.

Stowe (Mrs.), Handbook to the Christian Year for Young People, 18mo., 2s. 6d. Masters.

Sufficiency of Christ (The), Sermons Preached during the Reading Lecture Mission of 1890, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Bell and Daldy.

Taylor (A. and J.), Hymns for Infant Minds, forty-fifth edition, 18mo., 1s. 6d. Jackson and Walford.

Thoughts for Holy Seasons, translated and abridged from Tholuck's Hours of Devotion, 18mo., 1s. 6d. Wertheim and Co.

True Love versus Fashion; or, the Flirt's Failure, &c., by author of Nothing to Wear, second edition, 12mo., 1s. Ward and Lock.

Twenty-five Sermons by Twenty-five Bristol Ministers, 12mo., 3s. Wertheim and Co.

Useful Library: Novelties, Inventions, and Curiosities, 12mo., 1s. 6d. Routledge and Co.

Virgil's Works, with English Notes, &c., by A. H. Bryce, 12mo., 7s. 6d. Griffin and Co.

Walcott (M. E. C.), Guide to the Coasts of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, 12mo., 2s. Stanford.

Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary of English Language, by Nuttall, new edition, 12mo., 2s. Routledge.

Webster's Pronouncing Dictionary of English Language, by Nuttall, new edition, 18mo., 1s. Routledge.

Wellington (Duke of), Supplementary Despatches and Correspondence, vol. 6, 8vo., 20s. Murray.

White (Rev. J.), History of France, from the Earliest Time to 1848, second edition, crown 8vo., 5s. Blackwood and Sons.

Whitehead (H. and T. C.), and Driver (W.), Lectures to Literary and Mechanics' Institutes, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Bosworth.

Wild Sports of the West, by the author of Stories from Waterloo, new edition, 12mo., 1s. 6d. Routledge and Co.

Wilson's (Rev. J. M.) Handbook of Scotland for Tourists, post 8vo., 6s. 6d. Nelson.

Wynne (Jas.), Private Libraries of New York, 8vo., 25s. Trübner.

Wynter (A.), Curiosities of Civilisation, reprinted from the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews, post 8vo., 6s. Hardwick.

NEW MUSIC.

"Meek Twilight!" Prize Glee. By G. W. Martin (The "Musical Treasury.")

"Don't Come Late." Ballad. By A. Stacey. ("Musical Treasury.")

"La Volée des Oiseaux." By W. C. Filby. (J. H. Jewell, 104, Great Russell Street.)

"Three Chamber Songs." By Henry Gadsby. (J. H. Jewell.)

"The Riflemen Quadrille." By J. T. M. Harrison. (J. H. Jewell.)

"The Rippling Bill." By J. Rhodes. (J. H. Jewell.)

"He Wipes the Tear from every Eye." By Brinley Richards. (D'Almaine and Co., 104, New Bond Street.)

"May Lillian Schottische." By W. H. Montgomery. (D'Almaine and Co.)

"Think of Me sometimes." By J. W. Cherry. (D'Almaine and Co.)

"Though absent, thou art not forgot." By Mrs. Mackinlay. (D'Almaine and Co.)

"Am I in Dreams remembered yet?" By Stephen Glover. (D'Almaine and Co.)

"Nocturne." By Ernst Helmer. (D'Almaine and Co.)

"Fête des Vignerons." By Albert Lindahl. (Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street.)

"Santa Lucia." By G. A. Osborne. (Chappell and Co.)

"Don Giovanni." By W. Kuhe. (Chappell and Co.)

"The Last Good-bye." Ballad. By W. V. Wallace. (Chappell and Co.)

"Les Diamans de la Couronne." By W. Kuhe. (Chappell and Co.)

"Evocatus Paratus." Volunteer Song. By J. W. Hobbs. (Chappell and Co.)

"The Shooting Star." By Chas. McKorkell. (Chappell and Co.)

"Sparkling Dew-drops." By J. Theodore Trekel. (Chappell and Co.)

"Lily Bells." Song. By W. V. Wallace. (Chappell and Co.)

"Gems of the Prophète." By W. Kuhe. (Chappell and Co.)

Mr. Martin's name is known wherever the glee, that peculiarly national school of English vocal music, is popular. He is one of the most successful competitors for prizes in that style, and it would be unsafe to form a guess how many he has gained, they are so numerous. The present composition, "Meek Twilight," is one of that number, and is in no way inferior to any of its predecessors.

It is of a pastoral character, smooth, graceful, and admirably suited to the words. As for the latter, Mr. Martin does not tell us by whom they were written—a practice in vogue amongst the young glee-composers; but we incline to the old-fashioned way of indicating their author, for if they are worth setting,

they are worthy of being acknowledged. Let us hope, for the future, to find such a graceful tribute paid by composers to those whose words they select. For the home circle, the amateur, and his professional brethren, Mr. Martin has added one more excellent glee to their collection, and "Meek Twilight" must, from its elegance and simplicity, become a favourite with them all.

"Don't Come Late," are three somewhat arch verses by Mr. C. H. Lovell. These have been set as a ballad by Mr. Alexander Stacey, who has written within the compass of ordinary voices; and if not a very original or remarkable song, it is at any rate grammatically correct and pleasing.

Mr. Filby is a voluminous writer, for a young man; but he is a sound musician, and although he writes much, writes well. His piece for the piano-forte "La Volée des Oiseaux," is an admirable teaching piece, such as we should put into the hands of a young pupil when we wished to acquire flexibility of finger, and taste.

Of the "Three Chamber Songs," by Mr. Gadsby, the first is "Thoughts of Home," written by H. Young, whether lady or gentleman we are not told, and is, as one of a chamber series, a pleasing song. What "colla octava" means in the bass of the fourth bar, page 1, we shall not hazard a guess, because if an octave is inserted, it would over-balance the preceding bar, and so it cannot be that. In the fifth bar of page 2, there is an added ninth, on the accented part of the bar, introduced without any preparation from the previous chord of the seventh, and it is neither grateful to the eye, nor pleasing to the ear, in such a shape. The second song, "The Woods," words by A. Shirley, is more ambitious, but scarcely suited to the chamber. The third, "A Doubting Heart," written by Miss Proctor, is the most natural of the three. There is, in the relative major, a very pleasing strain of melody, but strange liberties are taken with the accompaniment, which in one place jumps a twelfth at one bound, and for no other reason, that we can discover, than to get five chords all above the melody. With care, Mr. Gadsby will write well; but he must not be too ambitious. In all other respects his "Three Chamber Songs" are agreeable compositions.

"The Riflemen Quadrille" is suited for young players. It is not very original, and in dance-music we do not expect great originality; but it is dance tunes, each figure is strongly marked, and, as the Scotch say, "will bring you on your feet"—no slight praise for an Englishman to attain, as our composers generally do not write dancing tunes.

Mr. Rhodes' alternative "Rippling Bill" is a polka brillante, which means a piece of music in polka measure, which no dancers could, by any species of ingenuity, transform into a dance, despite the marked melody for the left hand. If extensions on the sky-rocket principle are brilliancy, then the "Rippling Bill" is especially brilliant.

Celebrity as a musician is not quite so enviable a position as a similar state brings to the author. The latter has relinquished the life of a bookseller's hack; not so the musician. He is popular, is the rage, and as popularity is ever changing, so he must "make hay while the sun shines." Such appears to be the lot of Mr. Brinley Richards. One of those unmeaning so-called sacred songs, "He wipes the Tear from every Eye," is furnished him as a theme for a piano-forte piece. He has turned, twisted, and battered the unfortunate tune into shape, and having done this he has laboured—and what a labour it must have been!—and has succeeded in making it presentable. But genius tied to earth can never rise higher than its tether; nor with all Mr. Richards' abilities has he done more than make a very poor subject agreeable. It is one of the penalties of great musicians, that they have to encounter; and Mr. Richards has, as might have been expected, made as much artistic matter as could possibly be extracted from the wretched twaddle he has had to work upon.

Mr. W. H. Montgomery is no novice in dance writing. His "May Lillian Schottische" is dance music, written to a pretty air, and easy of execution.

"Think of Me sometimes," is a song written by Frederick Enoch, and composed by J. W. Cherry

The words are of the true romantic-affection school, to which Mr. Cherry has added a pretty, simple melody.

"Though absent, thou art not forgot," is the production of a lady, Mrs. Mackinlay, and, for a sentimental song, may find admirers.

"Am I in Dreams remembered yet?" seems a mockery to the poet, for Mr. Glover has entirely ignored him, both waking and sleeping. Of the music, what more need be said, than that it is the composition of Stephen Glover? Ladies will buy it, and musicians know that Mr. Glover could reel off as many such songs in a month, as there are yards in a ball of cotton.

Mr. Ernst Helmer, a name new to us, has produced a useful "Nocturne" for the pianoforte. There are some moderate difficulties about it, but it is calculated to encourage a *legato* style with neat, but not noisy, execution. We shall be glad to see Mr. Helmer again, for it appears not at all unlikely that we may like him still better on further acquaintance.

The lady who writes under the *nom de plume* of Albert Lindahl, has favoured us with another of her clever compositions—a brilliant mazurka called "Fêtes des Vignerons." This is somewhat easier than the generality of her pieces for the pianoforte, but the theme is agreeable and is a true mazurka. It requires neat playing, and when so treated will be found bright, pleasing, and effective.

"Santa Lucia," the popular barcarole, is here arranged as a pianoforte piece, and is characterised by that brilliancy which has made Mr. Osborne's works so popular. For advanced students, we do not know of a more showy and charming arrangement than Mr. Osborne's "Santa Lucia."

Mr. Kuhe is too good a musician to take improper liberties with the work of the great master, Mozart; and although we have an objection to seeing the greatest of all operas, "Don Giovanni," dished up as a pianoforte fantasia, yet Mr. Kuhe does it less offensively than many we have seen. He has taken "Il mio tesoro," "Dah rieni," "Batti, batti," and "Fin ch'an del vino," and worked them up in a masterly style, making an excellent study for the more advanced player. We only wish the generality of adaptations were as carefully put together.

"The Last Good-bye" is the title of a song written by Desmond Ryan, composed by W. V. Wallace, and sung by Madame Laura Baxter. The affection of ladies being called Madame when plain Miss or Mrs. is their proper designation, deserves the reprobation of all honourable minds. No doubt it will be said it is fashionable; but there was a time, and that not many years since, when to have termed an Englishwoman a *Madame* would have been the greatest insult that could possibly have been offered to her. Let us hope our singers are no more ashamed of their nationality than their English names. The song is one of deep feeling, and a good specimen of Mr. Wallace's clear and English style of composition.

Mr. Kuhe has worked up into a fantasia some airs from Auber's "Diamans de la Couronne." This opera is no great favourite with us; but the fantasia under notice is very happy in its treatment. The *allegro finale*, on page 7, is sure to render this work of Mr. Kuhe's popular.

Mr. Hobbs has set to music some words written by Dr. Monsell, as a "Volunteer Song," which is intended to be sung by a corps while marching. For this purpose it is printed on a convenient-sized card, and no doubt, if volunteers will sing it, would be very effective. There is a dash of the free and easy rollicking style in the words, one verse of which we subjoin, incidentally mentioning that "Evocatus Paratus," is the motto of several volunteer corps. It commences thus:—

"Evocatus Paratus"—Our motto and might,
Which means, Call us out—and, we're ready to fight!
Let but one foe man land, and as sure as a gun,
We're safe to walk into ten thousand like fun."

"The Shooting Star," by Mr. McKorkell, is a fantasia of some little difficulty. The principal *motivo* is elegant, and would be more agreeable if it were not so overloaded with *arpeggios*. It will take a player of neat finger to master this fantasia.

Mr. Theodore Trekel sends us some "Sparkling Dew-drops" in the form of a pianoforte *morceau de salon*. It is carefully written, and there is sufficient

melody not to make its study irksome to a player about to commence music of moderate difficulty.

"Lily Bells" is a song written by Mr. J. E. Carpenter, sung by Madlle. Parepa, and composed by W. V. Wallace. This is a charming song, within the compass of almost every voice. It has only to be heard to be admired by all.

No. 1 of "Gems of the Prophète" is one of Mr. Kuhe's brilliant and fascinating fantasias. Of course, it is composed of several fragments from that opera, the march standing out in bold relief from all the other portions. As a work useful to the pianist who aims at something more than quadrilles and waltzes, these "Gems of the Prophète" must prove acceptable, for the very spirit-stirring and popular march with which it commences is quite captivating enough to ensure attention. Mr. Kuhe has done his work in this arrangement excellently and can assure.

The Literary Gazette.

THE SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY.

IN noticing the fifth division of Mr. Hardy's inquiry, we must admit that its direct evidence is less forcible and less striking than that of the previous part; but, at the same time, it contains a number of suggestions of the extremest importance. It considers those documents of general Shakesperian interest which Mr. Collier has printed or referred to, and from the very nature of the argument, it is not possible to arrive at conclusions so apparently incontrovertible as those which we have already detailed. Still, Mr. Hardy's reasoning is most cogent, and no one can follow it and see its real significance without the utmost uneasiness as to the genuineness of the documents in question. Of these documents, perhaps the most valuable were those alleged to have been discovered in the State Paper Office, more especially the one known as "The Players' Petition." This last paper, as our readers are well aware, has been declared spurious by some of the most competent paleographic authorities in the country, and even Mr. Collier and his supporters are slow to maintain its genuineness. And on this point Mr. Hardy administers a well-deserved rebuke to Mr. Lemon for speaking "somewhat too hastily on subjects which could not have come within his knowledge;" for, as he points out, we must either doubt the accuracy of Mr. Lemon's memory or the competency of his father for the office which he filled. "Any one," says Mr. Hardy emphatically, "who could pronounce 'The Players' Petition' to be genuine would be totally unfit to hold the office that Mr. Lemon, sen., held." And we certainly cannot help again remarking the improbability of Mr. Lemon's statement in itself, though some weeks ago we showed how suspicious that was. If Mr. Lemon, sen., had really discovered a document so inestimably valuable as the "Players' Petition"—and we must bear in mind that if genuine its value is inestimable—why did he thus hide his candle under a bushel? How is it that, though at the time constantly sending to the Society of Antiquaries documents of various sorts, he never thought of sending this, compared with which most of the others were little better than waste paper? How is it that he fixed upon Mr. Collier as the confidant of his precious secret—Mr. Collier "at that time an unknown individual, and recently introduced to him by a mere acquaintance?" Further, how is it that Mr. Collier never made any mention of the fact that it was Mr. Lemon who had laid the document before him, as he had done in former instances? and how is it that when Mr. Halliwell printed a *fac simile* of it, and announced that it had been discovered by Mr. Collier, that gentleman did not disown the discovery, nor has ever done so until the present time? As to Mr. Lemon's statement that the original was well known to his father and himself before Mr. Collier

began his researches in the office, we quote Mr. Hardy's criticism entire:—"He is only 'pretty confident,' he says, that his father first brought this document under the notice of Mr. Collier; but he speaks positively, or at all events seems to do so, as to the fact that this document 'was well known to his father and himself before Mr. Collier began his researches in the office.' Now it seems no more than reasonable to suppose that if he is only 'pretty confident' in the one case, he can hardly be more than 'pretty confident in the other, which is more distant in point of time, and dating from a period prior to the alleged commencement of Mr. Collier's researches at the State Paper Office in 1829; a period at which, if we are not much mistaken, Mr. Lemon had nothing whatever to do with the State Paper Office in an official capacity."

We entirely agree with Mr. Hardy in the course which it is incumbent upon the officials in the State Paper Office to follow. Whether they believe in the authenticity of the document or not, it is a question on which, at all events, they ought both to form and to express a decided opinion on one side or the other. "This," says Mr. Hardy, "this, if ever there was one, is a matter in which the semblance even of a mistake should not be allowed to exist." If, as alleged in the "Edinburgh Review," the authenticity of the "Players' Petition" is still maintained by the best authorities in the State Paper Office, why do they not come forward honestly and demand of the Master of the Rolls a further investigation into the subject? It is officially necessary that on a matter of this sort no doubt should be allowed to exist in the public mind. And again, there is another point on which the position of the State Paper Office is far from creditable. The memorial which Mr. Collier asserts was appended to the "Players' Petition" when he last saw it, is now lost, and not only this memorial, but two other documents referred to by Mr. Collier as in the State Paper Office, have entirely disappeared—(1) the petition from James Burbage and others, in 1576; and (2) Lord Pembroke's letter, dated August 27th, 1624. Surely the officials should be compelled to institute some inquiry, or explain the absence of these MSS.

We will not follow Mr. Hardy into his investigation of the Bridgewater Papers. And with reference to the celebrated "Mrs. Allyn's Letter," in the Dulwich collection, we will only remark that he agrees with Mr. Hamilton that the passage relating to Mr. Shakespeare, of the Globe, not only does not exist, but never could have existed. "We maintain with Mr. Hamilton, and so must every other person who is possessed of eyesight and common understanding, that not only is it not there now, but that it never could by any possibility have been in the place where Mr. Collier asserts it was; any more than that those words could have been added to the document since Mr. Collier saw it, which have been omitted by him. Under these circumstances, if Mr. Collier could call twenty dead friends, in addition to the one he invokes, it would make no difference in his favour; facts speak for themselves, and neither dead nor living can gainsay them." We have given a very inadequate account of Mr. Hardy's pamphlet, which is certainly a model of persevering, exhaustive, and impartial investigation, although, as we have said, it is disfigured by bad arrangement and slovenly writing.

We must now on, and very briefly notice the companion *brochure*, which its author styles "a flank movement," and which contains, firstly, an examination of Mr. Collier's "Seven Lectures" of Coleridge; and secondly, an elaborate attack upon the so-called emendations of the so-called Perkins folio. The writer's object is to prove that these lectures as edited by Mr. Collier are fabrications, and he follows a double line of argument. He institutes a comparison between certain passages in Mr. Collier's edition of the "Seven Lectures," and certain others in Coleridge's "Literary Remains." We cannot enumerate the entire list of comparisons which the writer makes under this head, but one or two of them are so striking that we can scarcely pass them over without remark. The writer begins by saying that it is hard to perceive in the major portion of the Lectures the slightest approach to the style and spirit of Coleridge; but that we are constantly

stumbling upon passages which are unmistakable repetitions from his other published works, though so distorted from their original sense, that only the identity of some of the words and phrases renders them recognisable. He then gives an instance, which we quote: The first passage is an extract, represented as having been spoken by Coleridge in 1811, the other "obviously prepared by himself for what must certainly have been a very different course of lectures":—

MR. COLLIER'S VERSION.

"That I may be clearly understood, I will venture to give the following definition of poetry. It is an art (or whatever better term our language may afford) of representing in words external nature and human thoughts and affections, both relatively to human affections, by the production of as much immediate pleasure in parts as is compatible with the largest sum of pleasure on the whole."

MR. COLERIDGE'S VERSION.

"In my last discourse I defined poetry to be the art, or whatever better term our language may afford, of representing [] external nature and human thoughts [], both relatively to human affections, so as to produce as much immediate pleasure in each part as is compatible with the largest possible sum of pleasure on the whole."

Our readers will observe what an utter inversion of the sense Mr. Collier's rendering makes. According to Coleridge, poetry is to represent nature so as to produce pleasure; according to Mr. Collier, poetry is to represent nature by the production of pleasure. Thus, according to the Collier-Coleridge, the production of pleasure is the cause of poetry; according to Coleridge unadulterated, the production of pleasure is its effect.

After dwelling at considerable length on the presumptive evidence which is furnished by these comparisons, which show an identity of expression, but an entire inversion of signification, the writer passes on to notice an anachronism which Coleridge is represented to have uttered in these seven lectures. According to Mr. Collier, Coleridge, when lecturing before the Royal Institution, on the 5th of December, 1811, talks of "sitting at the desk so ably occupied by Sir Humphrey Davy, who may be said to have elevated the art of chemistry to the dignity of a science." Carlyle says at times you felt "logically lost" in Coleridge's talk, and assuredly if he talked such nonsense as this, and if he could venture to say that chemistry was a mere art up to the time of Davy, Carlyle is right. This, however, is only secondary; but, what Mr. Collier will find a harder thing, is how Coleridge came to call the great philosopher Sir Humphrey Davy, on the 5th of December, 1811, when in fact he did not receive the honour of knighthood until the 9th of April, 1812. In leaving this argument, we can only say that we recommend to every one interested in the controversy, this very forcible collateral evidence.

In conclusion, we wish to call attention to this writer's analysis of the "corrections" in "Love's Labour Lost," as set forth in Mr. Collier's list, from the folio of 1632. This occupies a third of the pamphlet before us, and contains much useful Shakesperian criticism. To this general statement we make one great exception, which strikes us as the most ludicrous attempt at explanation ever made, and which, for utter absurdity, excels the most eccentric of the old "corrector's notions." Everybody remembers that celebrated stumbling-block to all editors of Shakespeare, which occurs in "As you like It!" where Jacques, in his satirical stanzas, says:—

"Due Dams, due Dams, due Dams."

What this really is we will not now inquire, but what it is not is evident, namely, a quotation from Horace ("Satire" II., iii.) lines—

"Huc propius me:

Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite."

The unsophisticated reader will wonder how "Due Dams" is extracted from this, and so we must explain to him that, according to the writer before us, *huc propius me=huc ad me=due da me=due dams*. Was there ever such an instance of ingenuity run mad?

However, let us pass on to what is more to the point—the results of the analysis of the ninety-nine

corrections in "Love's Labour Lost." Here they are:—

1. Restored to various owners 21
2. Restored to the old copies 12
3. Abandoned by Mr. Collier 25
4. Condemned for reasons stated 40
5. Admitted (conditionally) 1

Under the fourth head, the writer classifies those suggestions which may be considered unquestionably to defile the text.

Although it may serve the purpose of some of our contemporaries to pooh-pooh these two pamphlets, and assure their readers that the literary verdict has been passed, against which it is vain to rebel, we are convinced that the arguments now brought to bear upon the question, directly and collaterally, are so original and so cogent, that the imaginary verdict will infallibly have to be reconsidered.

THE WEEK.

PREFERRMENT OF DR. VAUGHAN.

The Rev. Dr. Vaughan, late head master of Harrow, and who has been recently famous for saying *nolo episcopari*, and meaning it, has just received a piece of twofold preferment. He has been made vicar of Doncaster, a living vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Sharpe, and has also been made chancellor of York Cathedral in the room of the late Rev. Leveson Vernon Harcourt, M.A. Perhaps he may be induced yet to accept a bishopric after all. This appointment is said to be very popular in Doncaster, the scene of his future labours.

CIVIL SERVICE APPOINTMENTS.

A Commission, which sat in 1853, had pointed out the necessity of an alteration in the then existing mode of filling up the junior clerkships in the public offices. On their recommendation, the Civil Service Commissioners were appointed by an order in Council; and last February another Commission, with Lord Stanley at its head, commenced its sittings with a view to inquire into the working of the new system, and, if possible, to give facilities for its further adoption. The report has just been published, but is very indecisive in its tone. After the examination of several heads of departments, it has arrived at the conclusion that sufficient time has not yet elapsed to give the new test system fair trial; it, however, has a manifest advantage, in so far as it prevents absolutely incapable men from entering any public service—an advantage not ensured by the old principle of nomination.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

Our readers will remember that a committee of Old Westminsters was appointed to confer with the Dean and Chapter respecting, first, the improvement of the school as it stands, and next, the desirability or the reverse, of removing it altogether from the present site. The members of that committee were the Archbishop of York, the Marquis of Westminster, Earls of Stradbroke and Devon, Lords Llanover and Charles Russell, Sir George Rose, Messrs. Chester and Mure, the Rev. Henry Bull, and Sir David Dundas, as chairman. The committee have now brought their labours to a close for the present. On the question of the removal of the school, the committee do not pronounce any decided opinion, but on the whole their views may be regarded as hostile to it. However, the matter will be again submitted to a meeting of Old Westminsters after due time has been given for a careful ventilation of the question. Meanwhile, the Dean and Chapter will proceed with the improvements, because, even supposing it is ultimately decided to remove the school into the country, it will be some years before that removal will be accomplished. We must not omit to mention that the report extends to other as well as merely "structural" improvements.

THE NEW CENSUS ACTS.

The new acts for taking the census in England and Ireland have been issued. The mode of conducting it in England is as follows:—The Secretary of State superintends, and every registrar's sub-district is divided into divisions of enumerators. These enumerators are to leave schedules at all

dwelling-houses, which are to be filled up on the 7th of April; they are then to be collected the next day, and corrected, if found erroneous. In Ireland the religious profession clause is retained, and the mode of taking the census somewhat different. The police of Dublin and other constabulary forces are to visit every house on the 8th of April, and take an account themselves of the age, occupation, &c., of each person. Penalties are to be imposed for giving false statements. The census act for Scotland has not yet received the royal assent.

MUSIC.

MR. Alfred Mellon has opened the above new place of entertainment as a promenade concert-room, for one month. He is at the head of an orchestra of eighty of the first performers, selected from the Italian Opera. With such a band, and himself as a conductor, the orchestration is perfect; and his soloists include Messrs. Pratten, Barrett, Lazarus; the harpers, Winterbottom, Willy, Dando, and numerous others. In addition, Prince George Galitzin has been conducting some of his own compositions, and very creditably they are written. The vocalists are Madlle. Parepa, Miss A. Thomson, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper, the former and the latter both being immense favourites with the public.

The overture to the "Freischütz," on Thursday evening, was one of the most perfect ensembles of orchestral colouring which we have ever heard, and if Mr. Alfred Mellon will only continue in the path he has commenced his success is certain. The hall has been fashionably and fully attended every evening, and we heartily congratulate Mr. Mellon on introducing a new style of promenade concert, in one of the most admirably adapted rooms in the kingdom, and which must take rank as one of the chief yearly amusements of the public.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

The "Overland Route" continues, notwithstanding the rapidly advancing termination of the season, to draw large houses. It contains an amount of broad, some say too broad, humour, which a certain portion of the "enlightened British public" relishes amazingly. Possibly one reason of its popularity is that the "Overland Route" permits the public to see more of their favourite, Mr. Buckstone, than most of the pieces which have lately been produced at this theatre. Of "His Excellency" we have already spoken. Mrs. Charles Mathews as Tersina is rather inclined to over-act her part. Surely spirit is not inconsistent with a less—we had almost said—boisterousness. Her acting is in many respects so charming that we cannot but lament this error. We have also to complain of the generous length of the programme. In one evening we have no less than four pieces—"Jack's Return from Canton," "Overland Route," "His Excellency," and "The Christening." This throws the end of the performance after midnight. We believe Mr. Buckstone would give more pleasure in the long run if he did not tempt his audience to remain after half-past eleven; and although the public appreciate his generosity and his determination to give them "their money's worth," we are sure they find it excessive. The first three pieces would constitute an entirely sufficient performance.

ST. JAMES'S.

Mr. Chatterton has succeeded M. Talley in the management of this theatre, and has got together a very fair company. Perhaps the most successful piece they have yet played since the commencement of their summer season, is the "School for Scandal." We hear persons complain that this comedy is not suited to the tastes of play-goers of our day, but the roars of laughter which greeted its representation at St. James's show that they are wrong, and that the public taste has not been so spoiled by the false humour of burlesques and extravaganzas as to be unable to appreciate the more genuine wit of true British comedy, of which the "School for Scandal" is one of the grandest specimens. The acting of Messrs. Tilbury and George Vining, as Sir Peter Teazle and Charles Surface, respectively, is good;

and Mr. Sinclair, as the hypocritical Joseph Surface, is almost better. The ladies' characters are delineated with comparatively mediocre excellence. The burlesque of "Fortunio," with which the performance concludes, is not the more successful because it comes after one of Sheridan's wittiest pieces. However, we are glad for an opportunity of contrasting so directly ancient and modern dramatic humour, and we fear the comparison is decidedly unfavourable to Mr. Planche's effort. At St. James's, indeed, it is neither pleasantly acted, nor very well put on the stage, forming in all points a marked contrast to their representation of "School for Scandal."

SCIENCE

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

TONG AND SHIFFNAL CHURCHES.

DESPITE the heavy rain which came down on Wednesday, a large party assembled at the railway station for the excursion to Tong Church and Castle, Shiffnal Church, and Lilleshall Abbey. At Tong a paper was read by Mr. Herman Fisher on the church and its monuments. The visitors afterwards proceeded to Decker Hill, where the president entertained them most hospitably. The main party then proceeded to Shiffnal Church, the interesting points of which were described in a paper read by the Rev. Mr. Pettit.

THE GENERAL MEETING.

At the general meeting three papers of interest were read. The first one was by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, on "Powisland and Powis Castle," which comprised a history, in brief, of the principality of Wales. The next paper was read by Mr. E. Levien, of the department of manuscripts in the British Museum, "On the Shrewsbury Book." This remarkable and beautiful MS., now in the Museum, which was presented by the Earl of Shrewsbury to Margaret of Anjou, the Queen of Henry VI., was described by Mr. Levien with much minuteness. The third paper was on Boscobel House and the escape of Charles II., by the Rev. George Dodd. The house in which King Charles was concealed remains in good preservation. There are two places of concealment, one of which is near the chimney place, and consists of a small closet about five feet square, with a passage that leads to the bottom of the chimney stack, where there was a doorway that led into the garden for the purpose of escape, but that door is now covered with ivy. The other place of concealment is an upper room, where there is a small hiding-place covered with a trap-door. The present royal oak of Boscobel is variously supposed to have either grown from an acorn from the original tree, which was destroyed by the loyal pilgrims, who cut branches from it as relics, or to be a sprout from the original roots of the oak. There are some, indeed, who entertain the opinion that it is the veritable oak. It is now walled round to protect it from the knives of curiosity collectors.

LUDLOW CHURCH AND CASTLE.

On Thursday the party proceeded to Ludlow Church, which is the finest ecclesiastical building in the county. It deserves to be called a cathedral, and having been formerly collegiate, it is fitted up with richly carved stalls. Externally, the church is a striking object from a great distance, as its finely proportioned central tower rises to a great height. The interior was, till within a short period, very dilapidated, but it has been recently completely restored, and it now presents a magnificent specimen of richly-decorated architecture. It was only on the previous Friday that the Church was re-opened, and with much ceremony, after the completion of the restoration. The most striking features of the interior are the lofty pointed arches that support the tower, which have been cleaned from whitewash and restored to their original form. The lantern of the tower has been opened, and the ceiling, which is eighty-five feet from the floor, is richly coloured and gilded; so, indeed, is the entire ceiling of the chancel and nave. A beautifully-carved screen of dark oak, which divides those portions of the building, presents a fine contrast, when seen from the end of the nave, to the elaborately-executed reredos under the east window, carved in fine white freestone. This sculpture consists of a series of

pointed niches, with figures of the apostles and of angels, extending from side to side. The large east window represents in coloured glass the history of St. Lawrence, to whom the church is dedicated; and at the west end there is a large window of stained glass, presented to the church by Mr. Botfield, the president of the present congress of the association. The Earl of Powis, Sir C. R. Boughton and his brother, and most of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Ludlow, have indeed contributed handsomely to the restoration of the church—the work having been conducted under the superintendence of Mr. G. G. Scott. The carved reredos, which now forms a prominent object in the interior, is a restoration of a former one which, in making some reparations, was discovered behind a hoarding of wood and plaster, and the discovery of this sculptured relic is said to have originated the idea of restoring the church to its former state. Mr. T. Wright states, in his historical and descriptive sketch of Ludlow castle and church, that a small church occupied the present site in the twelfth century, that it was enlarged in 1199, and was rebuilt in the fourteenth century. When the party was assembled inside the church, Mr. T. Wright and Mr. Roberts pointed out the objects of most interest in the building. From the church the castle is about a quarter of a mile distant. It is situated on a rock overlooking the rich valley of the Teme, with the river flowing at its feet. The ancient keep of the castle forms a grand object on entering through the gateway, its outward walls remaining at their original height. Mr. Wright undertook to explain the principal features of this magnificent relic of feudal times, and proceeding from one spot of interest to another, he pointed out the successive additions to the original structure, and the uses to which the different portions had been applied. The bottom of the ancient keep, still covered over, was formerly the chapel of the fortress, but was afterwards converted into a dungeon, and a rectangular passage leading from it, tradition tells, was the den of a lion, kept there to devour the prisoners. The draw-well, which in most castles is in the keep, is situated in the inner court. A beautiful round tower, standing alone in the same court, is the remains of a chapel built in the reign of Henry I., when the chapel in the keep became too small to accommodate the increased number of residents. The remains of a hall, also near the same court, show where the two infant princes, the sons of Edward IV., were lodged before they were taken to the Tower of London and murdered. The progressive additions to the castle are indicated by its different styles of architecture, from the Norman to the Tudor. The castle is stated to have been first built by William the Conqueror's kinsman, Rodger de Montgomery, in 1094, and, in connection with more recent times, the hall is shown wherein the "Masque of Comus" was first represented. The rock, which rises high above the castle, on the opposite side of the river, possesses an interest of far more remote antiquity, as it was there Sir Roderick Murchison discovered the fossils, in the lower transition series of geological formations, which gave origin to his Silurian system. After rambling over the extensive and interesting ruins of the castle, the party repaired to the Feathers Inn, where luncheon on a most liberal scale was provided for them by Sir C. R. Boughton. At the evening meeting, the Rev. J. L. Pettit read a paper on Shiffnal Church, which had been visited the day before.

Mr. T. Wright then read an interesting paper on the local legends of Shropshire, in reference to their bearings on archaeological investigations. One of the most curious of them thus accounts for the splitting of the walls of the church of Hyssington, a parish adjoining Shrewsbury:—A very large and terrible bull having ravaged the country, the people thought that if they could get the parson to talk to the bull it might be made harmless. Accordingly they assembled all round him for miles, and drew him closer and closer to the church, the parson all the while reading texts to him; and as the bull heard him he shrank and shrank, so that towards evening he became so small and tame that they could drive him into the church, and the parson went into the pulpit and began reading his sermon, and as he read the bull became smaller and smaller. But night was coming on, and only a small piece of candle could be found, and though the parson read

as fast as he could, it was burnt out before he could get to the end of the sermon. No sooner was the parson thus obliged to stop, than the bull, which had been by this time reduced to the size of a dog, began to grow again rapidly, and in a short time he was bigger than ever, so much so, indeed, that the church could not hold him without the walls cracking. The following day, however, the parson set to work more vigorously than before, and a plentiful supply of candles having been provided, he preached the bull into so small a compass that he could be put into a man's boot, when he was firmly tied up and buried under the door stone, where he lies to this day, and there are people in the parish who believe that if the stone were to be loosened the monster would come forth bigger and fiercer than ever, and that he could never be preached down again.

THE EVENING MEETING.

At the meeting in the evening the first paper read was by Mr. Maw, whose encastic tile manufactory was visited on Tuesday, the subject being the tessellated pavement found during the excavations at Wroxeter.

The Rev. H. M. Scraf read a paper on Wroxeter Church, which is situated within a short distance of the excavations. He said that there are four styles of architecture visible in the structure, and that some of the materials of the ruined Roman city of Uriconium had been used in its erection. He dated the original foundation of the church as far back as two centuries before the Norman Conquest.

Mr. T. Wright then made some observations on the collection of flint implements on the table, and which had been discovered in the drift, where bones of almost every kind of animal had been found, but there were none of man.

CONCLUSION OF THE CONGRESS.

On Saturday evening the proceedings were brought to a close. The morning lowered dismally; nevertheless, there was a strong muster of archaeologists to join the excursion to inspect the excavations at Wroxeter, which, being the most interesting object in the neighbourhood, the visit to them had been reserved for the last day. Fortunately, the sky cleared soon after the party started. They proceeded in the first instance to Battlefield, the place where the celebrated battle of Shrewsbury was fought in the reign of Henry IV. The place at present bears no indications of having been the field of a great battle. The church, which was built on the spot in commemoration of the battle, has been divided into two by a modern wall, the east side of which is roofed and is used for Divine service; the other end is in a ruinous state. Haughmond Abbey was next visited. This abbey, or a portion of it, was built shortly after the Norman Conquest, but it has suffered so deplorably from ravages and modern repairs and additions, that few parts of the original building remain.

THE EXCAVATIONS AT WROXETER.

The party reached Wroxeter about two o'clock, when Mr. T. Wright explained the various portions. The excavations were only commenced at the beginning of February last year, and the space already excavated is of large extent. The museum at Shrewsbury is enriched with numerous relics taken from various parts of the old city. Uriconium, which was one of the largest of the Roman cities in this part of the country, is supposed by Mr. Wright to have been captured and burnt, and its inhabitants massacred, by the Picts, in the middle of the fifth century. From the excavations at Uriconium the party went to Wroxeter Church, exploring the extent of the ruined city still buried underground, as indicated by various mounds and projecting masonry.

In the evening the concluding meeting of the congress was held, when a discussion of considerable interest, however, arose relative to the cause of the remarkable deformity of several of the skulls found at Wroxeter.

Thanks were then voted to the president, to the mayor, to the gentlemen who had hospitably entertained the members, to Mr. Pettigrew, and to other gentlemen who had contributed to further the objects of the meeting.

The Congress this year has passed over very satisfactory, considering the unfavourable state of the weather. The numbers who attended it have not been so great as at the gathering last year at

Newbury, but the papers read and the objects visited have been of more than usual interest.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—At the meeting held on Thursday at the society's house, in Hanover-square—the Earl of Ulbridge in the chair—Lord Francis Conyngham, Colonel Lindsay, Colonel Cust, Captain P. Cust, and Messrs. H. E. Gurney, J. Cotton Powell, W. J. Birt, J. Bell Brooking, and W. Seymour Fitzgerald, M.P., were elected fellows; and Senor Don M. de la Paz Graells, Madrid, Senor Don L. Perez Arcas, Madrid; and Senor Don P. M. Paz, Madrid, corresponding members of the society. The following gentlemen were proposed as candidates for the fellowship:—H.S.H. Prince Edward of Saxo-Weimar, the Duke of Manchester, the Earl of Airrie, the Earl of Harwood, the Earl Somers, and Messrs. James Disraeli, W. J. Marshall, and B. F. Barton. The following gentlemen were also proposed as corresponding members:—Captain J. M. Dow, Major Tickell, and Dr. R. Monro, of Nelson, New Zealand. The report from the council stated that the number of visitors to the gardens in July was upwards of 68,000, and that the total number during the year had reached the large number of 244,785, showing an increase over the corresponding period of last year of upwards of 20,000 persons.

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

WHENEVER the friend of Michelet and the school-fellow of Jules Janin—whenever Edgar Quinet has a word to say to the public, the public will listen to it with due respect. Of course we are not now in the lecture-hall of the Collège Français. We have no longer before us the wrapt professor, and the breathless students who listened to his fearless onslaughts on Jesuitism and Ultramontanism in 1843, when in six lectures, delivered in as many weeks, he made the hearts of young France leap towards him by the fearful havoc he made in the ranks of crafty adversaries; and when the latter, unhorsed, discomfited, had to call in the arm of the civil magistrate to protect them from utter annihilation. We can no longer applaud the professor in his chair, but we can listen to the exile. Edgar Quinet writes now, and the Latin Quarter is not disturbed; it makes no demonstration in the Odéon; it gives no shout to provoke the police. It may even forget the Colonel of the 11th Regiment of National Guards; but there are those who can never forget the earnest doctor of progress; those in whose ears still rings his eloquent wisdom, and on whose hearts are still engraved the best lessons of religion and philosophy. Since the *brochure* of 1850, "L'Enseignement du Peuple," in which he lays it down that "the principle of authority is in religion," we have had nothing from the pen of Quinet. Two years ago it was stated that he was occupied on an autobiography, which would shortly appear, but which would stop at 1832. It was then considered pity that this date should have been fixed upon, as it would be curious to know his personal impressions of the later period of his life. We are now to have in a few days, if it has not already appeared, "The Enchanter Merlin," which has been already spoken of as a *résumé* of the ideas of one of the most active and profound thinkers of modern times, the poem of a historian, the history of a poet, the romance of a philosopher. We have seen, in advance, "La Première Prophétie de Merlin," and the "Premier Chant de Merlin dans le Sépulchre"—the commencement of this work, and wish we could convey to the reader some portion of the pleasure we have felt in perusing it. Merlin is alone in the dark night, alone, the sole prophet of his time, seeking for truth and not illusion. His soul is burdened with presentiments of the future, of nations bound to crime, without wishing to release themselves from it. As he measures the faults, the levity, the obduracy, the ingratitude of the people that he loves, he would subdue them with his songs as the nurse who casts her charms into the cradle of a new-born babe. He thinks that an accent, a sincere sigh, a word, may perhaps conjure the future. He wishes to mix with the winged words of the poet the instructions of the sage, he hopes to cause them to enter, by the gate of dreams, the

hearts of nations asleep. He takes his harp. At the first touch towers and dungeons are shaken to their foundation. His thoughts overflow; they break down, like a dam, rhythm and cadence. Merlin lets fall from his lips his first prophecy:—

"There are three ways, three sojourns, three kingdoms, three worlds; and I am the conductor across these three lives.

"I do not prophesy by the flight of the bird, by the blade of the oar, by the orb of the buckler. My runes are written in my heart.

"Others make their enchantments with the hazel-rod, with simples culled in the forests. My enchantments are in my soul.

"All others have announced afflictions, plagues, famines; I announce joys, benedictions, smiles.

"I say to winter, 'there will be a spring-time'; to tears, 'there will be a smile'; to injustice, 'a judge'; to sickness, 'a cure'; to death, 'a regeneration.'

"I also have lived in tears; the world was closed to my distress. All my hopes were transformed into sword-points to pierce me through.

"I have cried to myself, 'Is there no longer any place for justice, for hope, for love? I was ready to perish when I saw myself saved.

"Now I say, 'When iniquity would have covered the whole earth, if justice has been able to conceal herself in the shadow of a blade of grass, she will grow up and perfume the three worlds.'

The prophet interrupts himself for a moment, and gives ear. He hears the sound of a leaf which falls on the bank of the stream. But the people sleep the deep sleep of new-born babes. And again Merlin breaks forth. We must hold. We have faintly indicated the nature of this book. When it appears, no doubt it will undergo the criticism of more skilled hands.

Of quite another quality is the book which has recently seen the day through the cares of MM. Dussieux and E. Soulié (*b*). Having completed, in a most conscientious manner, the "Journal de Dangean," these editors had the idea of following it up with the memoirs of the Duke de Luynes, the existence of which they knew, and they have had the good fortune to be assisted in their intention by the present duke, in whose family the MS. has long been kept as an hereditary curiosity. The De Luynes have for many ages been distinguished as persons of a usefully curious turn of mind. The great constable of France of that name was a distinguished bird-fancier, and owed his first success at court to a talent he had for dressing butcher-birds (*piegriches*), "a species of birds," says the Abbé Legendre, "as little known as their master." His son made anatomical researches, dissecting dogs and other animals to ascertain whether they were or were not pure automatons. His son, the Duke de Chevreuse, the friend of Fendion, had his head stuffed with curious projects which never ended in anything. His grandson, the author of the memoirs now to be noticed, had not much imagination, but took after his grandfather in his piety and inquisitive disposition. He lived, with much leisure, at the court of Queen Marie-Leczinska, to whom his duchess was lady of honour. To employ his leisure, he made daily jottings of all that passed under his observation at court. He has not the rich, full-flavoured, gossiping style of the memoirists of his age, but perhaps, for that reason, is more to be depended upon. He indulges in no reflections, but writes down the dry facts with all the coolness that a merchant makes an entry in his ledger. And wonderful patience he seems to have had. He has been likened to a meteorologist in this changeable climate of ours, who daily and hourly records the state of barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, wind-gauge, pluviometer, and other meters of celestial and terrestrial phenomena. So far he has rendered good service to the historian of the age of Louis XV. Such a plodding soul can only be made known by a specimen of his wares, and here is a short one, showing how the *Grand Monarque*, so particular about reverences, *taboacts*, *carreaux*, and other points of etiquette, could unbend occasionally. He says:—

"Madame the Duchess mère (natural daughter of

Louis XIV.) told me at Marly, some days ago, that at the suppers of the late King with the princesses and ladies at Marly, it happened sometimes that the King, who was very adroit, amused himself with throwing bread-balls at the ladies, and permitted them to throw at him everything. M. de Lassay, who was very young, and who had never yet seen these suppers, has told me that he was greatly astonished to see bread-balls thrown at the King, and not only balls, but apples and oranges. It is pretended that Madlle. de Vintais, maid of honour to Madame the Princess of Conti, the King's daughter, whom the King had hurt by flinging a ball at her, threw at him in return a dressed salad."

Many of De Luynes' anecdotes cast great light upon the manners and customs of his age, and especially on court etiquette, but they are in general too long for extract. He tells, however, a capital story, at second-hand, respecting the cook of Marshal Tessé, who mystified one day his master, the King (Louis XIV.) and the whole court. It is of reasonable length; but, to be properly understood, it must be premised that at the *bals masqués* given in that reign almost every one was admitted, provided that in each troop one of the parties was unmasked, and being known, could make himself answerable for all the members of his troop. The occasion was a *bal masqué* given by the Duchess of Bourgogne:—

"He (the cook) was very well masked as Don Quixote; he was well made, witty, and spoke Spanish in perfection. The King remarked him, and had the curiosity to know who he was; he gave orders to the Marshal de Tessé to question this man. M. de Tessé went to him, and, seeing that he also spoke Spanish well, believed him to be a Spaniard to all intents and purposes. The cook, far from undeceiving him, replied to him always with ease and liveliness, told him that he had had the honour to give him to dine several times in Spain; mentioned such a day, where such and such had dined with M. de Tessé, at Madrid, having made few dinners without him. The Marshal, more persuaded than ever, went and told the King that this was seemingly a Spanish nobleman, but that he was not acquainted with him. The King had the curiosity to speak with him; the Marshal de Tessé brought him forward; the cook spoke to the King in bad French; the King found him a man of spirit, and told Madame la Dauphine to dance with him. He was neither unmasked nor known. A month or six weeks afterwards, M. de Tessé being about to go to bed, and his cook being in his chamber at the time, he asked him if he would not be able to find out the Spaniard about whom he had made so many questions. The cook told him he could give him news, provided that this Spaniard should be made sure that he had not displeased him, but that it was necessary he should speak with him in private. M. de Tessé sent his people out, and the cook then confessed to him what he had done."

It would be too much to say that M. de Luynes has not consecrated a great deal of nonsense in his memoirs, and that he has not attached great importance to trifles. Perhaps he could not help doing so, seeing the nature of the task he had imposed upon himself. Four volumes of these memoirs are now published; and to those who delight in such gossip to beguile an idle hour, and to know something more of the historical characters who moved and acted in France during the first half of the last century, they will not prove unacceptable.

M. de Luynes has not a successor in M. le Comte Joseph d'Estournel. The former in his memoirs is good tempered, and when he has to record an ugly fact he is not malicious. "The latter, in his *Souvenirs*" (*c*), is witty, amusing, but somewhat viperish. The "*Souvenirs*" deal chiefly with the revolution of 1848, and abruptly terminate with the election of the 18th of December of that year. The writer is evidently fond of anecdote, and this frequently leads him to avail himself of old ones. He tells one of the first Napoleon which may be taken for what it is worth:—

"The Emperor liked sometimes to baffle flattery and even affection. One day M. de Moutalivet expressed to him a devotion, which, on his part, was sincere, the Emperor, seeing tears in his eyes, looked him in the face and said: 'You love me?' 'Ah

(a) *Merlin l'Enchanter*. Par Edgar Quinet. 2 vols (Paris and London: Barthès & Co.)

(b) *Mémoires du Duc de Luynes sur la cour de Louis XV.* (Paris: Didot. London: Barthès and Co.)

(c) *Derniers Souvenirs*. (Paris: Barthès & Co.)

sire, can you not perceive it of yourself? Very good, continued the Emperor after a moment's silence, that is nothing at all to me, and seeing M. de Montalivet pained by the compliment, he added, "What signifies it, that any one loves me? I am not a man; I am an historical personage." The book, with all its defects, is said to be a success.

M. Jehan, who presented the public not long since with two healthy volumes entitled "Tableau de la Création," a work of science and good taste, now presents us with one called the "City of Evil" (*La Cité du Mal*), a picture of the moral, religious, philosophical and social condition of the present age. His book is a kind of epic. In the introductory chapter the world is given to the Prince of the Abyss, who hovers over the globe defaced by his machinations, exposed to his infernal legions, with the cynical pride of a fallen angel. France, above all, is the country chosen by the Spirit of Darkness to contend with the Spirit of Christianity. We see unrolling themselves the disastrous consequences of industrial materialism, reducing the royalty of man's intellect to the inferior part of a blind instrument, which makes use of matter only with a view to his brutal satisfaction, instead of seeing in it the submissive slave of the increate laws which man is bound to know and apply to his own happiness. The picture is sombre enough, and seems intended to develop the thought of the poet:

"Vous voulez faire un monde? eh bien! vous l'avez fait!
Votre monde est superbe, et votre monde est parfait."

A few lines will give an idea of the author's style and manner of thinking:—

"Art is the expression of moral beauty and divine beauty, and beauty in the human soul is its resemblance with the beautiful and good in essence, which is God. Progress in art is therefore impossible without progress in good, in virtue, which is all the beauty of the soul. See, then, what are the theories of art in this age of moral vertigo. Passion has been sanctified, vice has had its apotheosis; from this corruption of hearts is born corruption in art, perversion of taste; after having suppressed every principle of morals, every æsthetic rule has been rejected. After having said, 'Good is evil!' they have said, 'The beautiful is ugly!' Thus the source of inspirations is defiled and dried up. Become the terror of honest families and of men of taste, art has made itself a scandal, it has placed itself at the service of perversity, it has descended into the orgies of debauchery, it is abused in all sorts of ignominies. Painting, sculpture, literature, poesy, these radiant virgins, embracing shame, have despoiled their robe of azure and cast away their diadem of stars into voluptuous filth, and the multitudes, setting up the neighings of lascivious hearts, have applauded these infamies and dressed them with crowns."

In the chapter headed "The Cup of Abominations," the author portrays the literature of evil, the offspring of ignorance and pride. Elsewhere German metaphysics and the hallucinations of Kant, Fichte, Hegel, and Schelling, are severely handled. M. Jehan's work may be safely commended to the thoughtful reader.

We conclude the present list by giving the title of a work on the Forty of the French Academy, by Madame d'Altenheym (*e*). The illustrious forty are taken without regard to chronological order, and contain the names of Godeau, Quélen, Volney, De Chapelain, Scribe, &c. There is great variety in the portraits, considerable biographical interest, and enough of that kind of literary chit-chat which goes towards the making up of a pleasant book.

(*e*) *La Cité du Mal*. Par M. Jehan. (Paris: Barthès & Co.)

(*e*) *Les quarante illustres, ou quarante études littéraires*. Par Mme. d'Altenheym (Gabrielle Goumet). (Paris: Barthès & Co.)

The prize of fifty guineas, offered by James Spence, Esq., St. Paul's Church yard, for the best essay on the Saturday Half-holiday and Early Payment of Wages Questions, has been awarded by the adjudicators, the Dean of Canterbury, the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, and B. Shaw, Esq., to Mr. John Dennis, jun., of 2, Middleton Terrace, Wandsworth. The essay will be published by Hamilton, Adams & Co.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT. PARIS, August 15.
This is the first time the Emperor has been absent from Paris, upon his own fêre-day, since he made himself Emperor of the French. But there are one or two reasons assigned for this absence. In the first place, Louis Napoleon is anxious to be with his army as much as possible just now, for it is hard to see how war can be avoided a few months hence; and the Emperor's popularity with the army is, since the Italian campaign, by no means what you in England believe it to be. He showed himself no general and no soldier in the war of last year, and his best chance of regaining favour with the troops is, at all events, by seeing a great deal of them living amongst them, and showing them much kindness, if he cannot help them to military renown. For this aim nothing is spared, and the infant Prince Imperial is brought down to the camp at Châlons, and paraded about among the men, and a perfect comedy enacted at every turn. But there is another reason for Louis Napoleon's desire not to be in Paris to-day. It is usual, upon the occasion of the Assumption that the Corps Diplomatique should compliment the Emperor, and his Majesty had some cause to know that the projected speech was likely to be exceedingly cool, short, and dry, and he thought, on the whole, the best plan was to avoid its being spoken to him.

One thing it is as well you should know in England, and that is, that the isolation of France is becoming daily more complete. The Emperor begins to feel this, and he scarcely can discern any path leading out of the dense thicket in which he is lost. Not only do the German Powers with draw from him, and unite among themselves, but Russia stands aloof; and even on the Eastern question, where she was supposed to have such vital interests, she evinces great coldness and strong disinclination to any combined action with France; and, in the meanwhile, England arms and gives clear proof of the time being gone by when she believed in her Bonapartist ally.

Coupled with all this political feeling relating to the march of events out of doors, a slight incident, which has just occurred here in Paris, has contributed to cast a strange gloom over the public mind. It is another result of the horrible immorality inaugurated in official society from the hour when Louis Napoleon began to rule over the people. Young L—, whom notoriety connects somewhat too closely with Count de Morny, and whose maternal home is the resort of every Imperialist who wants to "get on," has just committed suicide, because he could not escape a prosecution for swindling! A few weeks back Eugène L—, relying on the "famosity," as the French call it, of his name and position, went to a jeweller in the Palais Royal and bought a set of diamonds at the value of 150,000 francs (£6,000). He took them immediately to the Mont de Piété and obtained £2,000 upon them, which he seems to have required for urgent use. Two days after, the jeweller—as he had been told to do—called for his money, but was put off and put off in the same way several times. At last he grew importunate, and his debtor ended by offering him, as an instalment (!) the tickets of the Mont de Piété! At this the fury of the tradesman knew no bounds, and before any arrangement could be attempted, he had lodged a complaint in the hands of the Procureur Impérial, and young L— received judicial notice of what was threatening him! Two days since, he took arsenic in quantities sufficient to do its work, and was found dead!

It is said this was not the wretched young man's first attempt of the kind. Rumour tells of an affair

of the same sort last winter, but which was hushed up by Madame L— paying down all the sums required for her son's original debt, and by the timely and peremptory intervention of the supreme authority, forbidding all pursuit. This time, however, the matter would seem to have been less well managed, and Eugène L— has paid with his life for a dishonesty, the most fearful examples of which have been put before him by all who surround him, and who have formed his natural associates for the last ten years! I cannot describe to you the deep effect produced by this tragedy upon the public mind. People are beginning to say to themselves that it is true one shocking crime marked Louis Philippe's last year of power (the murder of Madame de Frassin), but they contrast both the mode of the crime and its punishment with what happens now. Madame de Frassin's assassination by her husband (who was attached to another woman) had not the remotest connection with the habits of a court which was known to be one of the most moral, and purest, in the world; nor was there anywhere the slightest disposition to save the criminal from paying the extreme penalty of his crime, whereas, whatever disgraceful deeds occur now in French society, invariably occur in the close neighbourhood and under the direct influence of the most cynical court the world, probably, ever saw; and where time and opportunity exist, the evil-doers are pretty sure to be guaranteed from all harm by the protection cast over them by the highest power. All vice and all dishonesty are known to be in the end covered by the broad shade of the fostering Eagle's Imperial wing. But even in a country so easily demoralised as France—in a country where sin is deemed so pleasant—even here, all this is going too far, and the incessant recurrence in the immediate court *entourage* of the most infamous and dishonouring acts, end by making even Frenchmen understand there must be something very "rotten in the state of Denmark."

The Imperialist houses being, on account of their notorious immorality, shunned by the small portion of French society that is still careful of a distinction between honour and shame, of what is chiefly composed the crowd of persons who flock to the magnificent fêtes given by Imperialist hosts and hostesses? Of foreigners, among whom stand conspicuous a certain number of the handsome mothers and graceful daughters of England! There they are, remarkable and remarked of all in that rush of painted, made-up, ill-famed *travellers* from all corners of Europe. There they are, by the side of German roulette-votaries, Spanish dancing-girls, Polish adventuresses, and Florentine and Parisian courtizans!! This is the society they choose and when this is represented to them, they reply that the "better kind of company in France is too slow!" That our countrywomen come away from all this "undefiled," I am persuaded, but they are terribly in near and constant contact with "pitch."

The Théâtre Français has just brought out a new piece, by Prince Napoleon's friend, M. Rojewski, known in the literary world under the name of "Charles Edmond." This personage is not one of the least singular of our time and of this place. He made his first entrance into public life by accompanying the Prince Napoleon to the Crimea, and, after his return therefrom, writing the pamphlet which made such a tremendous sensation in 1855, and held up to public criticism the conduct of the French military authorities. After this, he became one of the chief *relucteurs* of the "Presse," and used to furnish that journal with articles more marked for their democratic tone than for their talent. Once before, he also wrote a five-act tragedy called "La Florentine," which was little else than a libel upon the descendants of the Luynes family. It was a failure. His present piece ought to be so too, but is not so, unluckily for the public taste. It is entitled "L'Africaine," and portrays the adventures of a lady who innocently marries two husbands, and of one of those soldiers of fortune who swell the ranks of the Algerian Foreign Legion. M. Charles Edmond's hero is a Venetian born, and an African by trade; and certainly, if the dramatist meant to cast anything save odium on the Italian race and on the French Algerian army, he has failed, and has ill chosen his type.

NOTES OF A TRAVELLER ON THE
MASSACRES IN SYRIA.

THE atrocious carnage which has begun on Lebanon, and which has so rapidly spread over a great part of Syria, is so closely associated in the mind of the public with the Druses, that we are apprehensive lest the dust which the crafty and thorough-going Moslem attempted to throw in the eyes of Europe, may blind some to the real instigators of the bloody outrages. Now, we happen to know Lebanon, and the inhabitants thereof, as well as the whole of Syria, very well indeed. We are conversant with the habits, customs, manners, tempers, and dispositions of the respective races and tribes which inhabit that land. We know the Druses on Lebanon and Carmel, in the provinces of es-Sahil, el-Metn, and Houran. We have sojourned in their houses and tents at Brummana, Bukfeiya, Shonair, Baruk, Rhamdan, Kurnayil, &c., &c. We can therefore broadly affirm that the Druses would never have carried the fire and the sword to that fearful and horrible extent, were they not instigated, stimulated, and incited, by the implacable enemies of Christians and Christendom—the Mohammedans. Indeed, there is no necessity for a personal knowledge of the parties to arrive at such a conclusion. A calm, dispassionate, and intelligent examination of the harrowing accounts, as they appeared in the daily prints, must lead to the same conviction.

It was not the Druses who insisted that the Christians should lay down their arms, but the Sultan's pashas and officers. That is an old trick of the Turks, first to persuade their antagonists, in bland and pacific terms, to disarm, and then to butcher in cold blood the defenceless ones. The Druses themselves know it to their cost; they now therefore never fly in the face of Turkish functionaries. Fair play is the last treatment which they expect from Turks. The Druses will not forget in a hurry the year 1841. We heard the Akhous and Djakels, the learned and unlearned classes of the Druses, speak with shuddering dismay of that year. The Turks in that year fomented a feud between the different tribes on Mount Lebanon, which was followed by a civil war. The affair became serious to the Turkish government. The Pasha of Damascus was instructed from Constantinople to offer the rebels a free amnesty if they would come into the capital of Syria, and lay down their arms. The mountaineers knew with whom they had to deal, and therefore stipulated for the guarantee of good faith on the part of a responsible person, on whom both sides could rely with confidence. The British Consul, Mr. Wood, undertook the guarantee. But no sooner did the Druses disarm themselves, than the Pasha informed them that he held in his hand a firman from the Sublime Porte, commanding him to select from amongst them three hundred Druses, who were forthwith to be beheaded for the sake of example. The treacherous and murderous deed would actually have been carried into execution, had it not been for the firm and unflinching attitude which Mr. Wood always assumed under such critical circumstances.

The Druses being eclectics in their creed, would not carry on a war of extermination either against Christians, Jews, or Moslems. They originally professed the so-called orthodox Mohammedan faith, but at the beginning of the eleventh century they adopted the dogma of the enthusiastic Persian Ulema—Mohammed-ben-Ismael-ed-Derazi—whence the appellation Druse, and not traceable to a French fabulous crusader, Dreux by name, as it is generally supposed. That ed-Derazi was a disciple of the renowned Khalif El Hakim, of Cairo; he seceded from the unmitigated teaching of the Islam, and concocted a new creed, a sort of olio from Christianity, Judaism, and Mohammedanism. A war of extermination against any professors of those religions would be contrary to their religious tenets, which are liberal and tolerant. We speak not without our book. We sat, as it were, at the feet of many a Druse Akhoul, and we are able, therefore, to draw our information respecting that people and

their creed from the fountain-head. There is no religious jealousy between the Druses and the Maronites. We knew some eminent emirs and sheiks who once professed the faith of the former, but eventually embraced that of the latter, and the circumstance did not prejudice the converts' power or influence one whit.

Our convictions are moreover sustained by the publications of every intelligent traveller in that part of the world. We do not wish to multiply quotations in testimony of our position. Two witnesses will suffice for our present purpose. Lord Nugent wrote thus in 1845:—"They (the Druses) have always lived in perfect social agreement with both Christians and Moslems, save when, at different times, the latter have endeavoured to oppress them by inroads and by taxes. And then they have raised their standard and bravely defended their mountains, and always with success, until, in 1834, they were excited by the Porte to join in the insurrection against the Viceroy of Egypt, when they were utterly defeated by Ibrahim Pasha." Our next witness is even a more telling one than his lordship. We mean Dr. Frankl, a clever Jewish physician of Vienna. He was commissioned by a wealthy Jewish lady in 1856 to proceed to Palestine, with a view to the establishment of some educational institutions in the Holy City. The shrewd and learned Israelite took notes of all he saw and heard, which he printed in two volumes, and called the work "Nach Jerusalem." In the first volume, the traveller gives an account of his ride on Lebanon. No Christian traveller on Mount Lebanon has ever been shouted after either by a Druse man or boy, with the malediction *Näel Dinakh*—"Cursed be thy religion!" but very few Christian travellers have escaped the annoyance from Mohammedan men and boys on the same mountain. We not only concur in the sentiments so ably and so vigorously expressed in the "Times" leader on the question, published on the 25th ult.; but we also say, "that the Druses were instruments in the hands of some Machiavellian pasha, and that they were prevailed upon to attack their neighbours in order that the Mussulmans might be excited to a general massacre."

It is the vainest possible hope to expect the Sultan himself to restore peace amongst the contending religionists; even with Fuad Pasha's energetic message to the Marquis of Lavalette before us, viz., "Tell the ambassador, at the risk of my life, I shall wash out the stain upon the honour of our army." Fuad Pasha will have to wash out first the stain of the Islam. The Islam is the leprosy spot! Those who are acquainted with all the Sultan's tergiversation, which brought about the Crimean war, will dismiss such a hope, as an utterly forlorn one. We never hear of the liberal policy of the present Sultan, without being obliged to think of the ingenious fable which tells the story of a sick wolf, ransacking his memory about his generous deeds. "I recollect," said the expiring ravenous brute, "that I once let a lamb pass me unscathed, though it bleated irritatingly in my ear. Was not that humane and generous of me!" "Yes," rejoined an old fox, who officiated as "father-confessor" on the occasion, "I recollect the circumstance very well indeed; it was just after a nasty ugly bone stuck in your throat, and you could not move, which accounted to me for your untoward humanity and generosity." It is the case with Nicholas's "sick man." That nasty ugly bone, the great Powers of Europe, sticks in his throat.

Besides, were the Sultan even disposed *ex animo*, to espouse the cause of his Christian subjects, he would not be able to exercise any effectual influence for good over his fanatic dervishes, ulemas, cadis, and pashas. Abdul-Medjid is suspected as a Christian in disguise. We have heard the tale of the Sultan's father having been a changeling—namely, that he was a Russian prince, which was substituted for the real Mahmood, who was abstracted—rehearsed in many a coffee-house in Asia and Africa. The story is not too long, and might advantageously be given here:—"Our rightful Sultan was indeed Mahmood, and was indeed a pious and faithful Moslem. Alas, for the glory of his kingdom, he was too pious! Not only did he punish vice with unmitigated severity, and reward virtue with unbounded liberality, but he

loved his religion and his country with a father's love, and was in return beloved by his subjects with filial affection. He was beautiful to look at; the brightness of his face rivalled the splendour of the moon. But he was too humble to allow his dazzling countenance to be admired; he, therefore, never appeared without a covering over his face, nay, not even to his most beloved wife. Eblis took advantage of this his unsullied piety, and turned it into a battle-axe for the demolition of the Islam power and religion. The prince of darkness, the ally of the Emperor of Russia, put into the heart of his obedient child, namely, the Russian Emperor, a spirit of uncontrollable covetousness, especially for the things which belong to the faithful servants of Allah. And it came to pass on a certain day, whilst our pious Sultan was sitting on the seat of judgment and passing sentence upon the different culprits, a prince from the north country, Russia, was announced, desiring to speak to Mahmood—peace be upon him—face to face, and mouth to mouth, and ear to ear by themselves, and no other with them. Mahmood, in his simplicity, thinking all princes to be guileless and just, feared no evil; and therefore rose up from his seat, and with unaffected confidence motioned to the Russian prince to follow him. Both of them entered into a private council-chamber, and left the plaintiffs, defendants, witnesses, and officers in the judgment-hall, to ponder and wonder what can the purport of this secret communication be? Half an hour ran away; a muffled figure entered the house of judgment, unaccompanied by any other person, which caused a little surprise; but as none of the faithful had a personal knowledge of Mahmood, they suspected nothing serious. By the influence of Eblis, as if he had been born and bred in the seraglio and sucked the breast of a sultana. When all the cases were dismissed, the people separated, and the Sultan, according to custom, was led with great glory and honour to the sublime and royal palace.

"It was whispered in secret places as a most strange and an unaccountable thing that the face of the prince who came from Russia, should have been seen no more. But no one dared to raise his voice above a whisper. For a few days the Sultan made no stir, and the excitement about the Russian prince died away. As soon as the Sultan got to know that all was quiet again, for he had already his secret spies, he began by degrees to bring in new customs and laws; breaking down slowly but steadily all the ancient landmarks of our holy religion. Many faithful and pious officials were discharged from the service of the Sublime Porte, and new ones, strangers to all and to everything, appointed in their places. The gentle, the meek, the lowly, the pious, the faithful and devoted Mahmood was substituted by a proud, haughty, impious, faithless, and frivolous tyrant. Could Mahmood himself have become so base a character? Just as it is impossible for a harmless little lamb to become a ramping and roaring lion, so is it impossible that the just Mahmood should be turned into an unprincipled despot. It was the Russian prince whom Eblis by his wiles brought into the seraglio; and Allah permitted all this on account of our sins, which were and are many. Yes, to the ignorant and uninformed, the Sultan, and the Vizier, and the Pashas may appear Mohammedans, but not so to the initiated."

Poor Abdul-Medjid might well be surnamed, after the manner of Boabdil el Chico, the last Khalif of Granada—*El Zoogbi*, "The Unfortunate." The subjects and co-religionists of the son of the Sultan Mahmood have as little respect for their monarch as the Saracens of Spain evinced towards the son of Khalif Muley-Aben-Hassan. The former almost outdo the latter in contempt for their ruler. They have never yet forgiven the late Sultan, nor to his successor, for dispensing with the following blasphemous titles, which former Sultans arrogated to themselves:—"King of Kings, and Lord of Lords; Ruler of the East and West, and of all parts of the World; Prince of the Holy and Chaste City of Jerusalem, shining with the brightness of God; Thrice happy Lord of the refulgent Mecca, tamer of Infidels, and scourger of the unbelieving race of Christian vassals; Lord of the White and Black

Seas; The most Mighty and Invincible Sultan, who has the power from God to rule all people with a bridle, and to break open the gates and bars of all cities and strong places, into whose almighty hands are delivered all the ends of the world, none excepted!" The Mohammedans are utterly disgusted at a Sultan who could be satisfied with so laconic a title as "Ruler of the White and Black Sea." They long to scourge the unbelieving race of Christian vassals, under the cloak of the Sultan's titles. No, we do not believe that Abdul-Medjid's is the power to restrain the infuriated savages on Mount Lebanon. It is the prerogative of the European Powers to show some token of gratitude to that land from which they have received their heaven-taught religion. If they want another proof that the Mohammedans and not the Druses are the master butchers in Syria, we need only add the significant fact, that the poor Christians are offered their lives in case they abjure their creed and embrace Islamism.

The following ancient prophecy, respecting the downfall of the Moslem faith may prove an interesting appendage to this paper:—

"The time shall come when earthquakes shall confound,
With unrestricted shock, a sterile ground;
When the wide ocean shall be stained with blood,
And bulwarks float on the portentous flood;
When smoke and fire shall join to form new rods,
And mortals ravish thunder from the gods.
Then shall the courage by mean swains possessed
Lead the bold East to overrun the West;
The pride of conquest shall adorn the field,
And the tall cross to the bright crescent yield.
But ere the growing moon her full attains;
Her waning face shall see her sons in chains;
In a black hour a fatal bell shall ring,
Sure mark of swift success to a new-born king." *

It is not unlikely that the modern "sons of the prophets," may turn this calamitous event into profitable stock-in-trade. What should prevent Dr. Cumming from writing a book, to prove that Mount Lebanon is the Armageddon of the Revelation of St. John? Surely Lebanon is more legitimately entitled to the honour than Sebastopol was. We promise Dr. Cumming to review his book *in posse*, as it deserves, if it should prove *in esse*. What should prevent Canon Stowell making a speech to prove that the time has arrived for the restoration of the Jews to their own land? Have they not proved themselves worthy of it? Why, a Jewish baronet has been the first to propose the raising of a fund towards the relief of the poor sufferers, and was not Sir Moses Montefiore the first subscriber to the fund of the handsome sum of two hundred pounds? M.

[P.S.—Since the foregoing was set up in type, a letter appeared in the "Times," from the pen of the celebrated Oriental traveller, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, wholly corroborative of the view which we took of the last horrible Moslem deed.]

* The above prophecy we have often heard in different parts of the Ottoman Empire; but we have also met with it in an old folio, published "Anno Domini 1709, by Aaron Hill, gent." "This prophecy," annotates Mr. Hill, "the Turks look upon as verified in the destruction of the Grecian Empire about the time that gunpowder and the use of cannons was invented. The *scouts* who were to lead the East to overthrow the West were successful *shepherds*, who aid the first foundation of their present empire. The cross they look upon to signify the empire of the Greeks, alluding to the banner of Constantine the Great. The *waning of the moon* before her full they say denotes the ruin of the Ottoman family, before they have obtained their wish of universal monarchy."

Kew Gardens.—The Flowers (almost endless in form, size, variety, and colour) in the great *parterre* or Italian Garden on the terrace in front of the Palm House and Lake, and those on the borders of the Grand Promenade, are now in their greatest beauty and perfection, and will remain so for several weeks to come. The Conservatory No. 10 is very remarkable just now for the exquisite beauty and variety of foliage, and the gorgeous splendour, artistic combination, and skilful contrast of colour, of the curious and costly plants now in blossom—garlanding, festooning, and adorning the crystal walls, roof, and centre of this most beautiful and unique little "Temple of Flora." Several tropical botanical rarities are also in flower in the old and new Aquariums or Water Gardens.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

SIR,—May I beg your aid in procuring information and assistance from quarters which can be reached by means of a literary journal alone? The subject of my request will, I do not doubt, be of interest to at least one class of your readers.

My friend, Mr. E. G. Salisbury, of Glan-Aber, Chester—to whose Welsh library I was greatly indebted when I was compiling a "History of the Principality" some ten years ago—has now raised the number of his collection to 2,500 or 3,000 volumes; and he is about to print a catalogue of them, as a contribution, and by no means an unimportant one, to Welsh Bibliography.

The books may be classified generally as (1) works on Wales and the border counties, (2) works in Welsh, and (3) works by Welshmen, natives of the border counties. But the catalogue will be arranged under the three divisions of works published before 1800; those published in the first half of the present century; and those published since 1850.

The requests which, by your courtesy, I would prefer to librarians and collectors of books coming under any one of the three classes mentioned above are, that they would be so good as to communicate to Mr. Salisbury the titles of any such works as they may possess which are not so common as certainly to be found in any Welsh library, *in full*; and, if possible, accompanied by some brief description, especially if published abroad; and that, if they have duplicates, they would obligingly indicate the fact, and their willingness to part with them by exchange, or on any other terms.

I need not point out the value of a catalogue like this; but I may say that the knowledge and determination which my friend has brought to the performance of his self-imposed task are such as to be to me a satisfactory assurance that his catalogue will be—and particularly if he obtain the aid which I have requested—a most important addition to British Bibliography.—I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

B. B. WOODWARD.

Royal Library,
Windsor Castle, 8th August, 1880.

[We have much pleasure in inserting Mr. Woodward's letter, and trust it will have the effect of producing the information he requires.—ED. L. G.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

SIR,—You were good enough to give publicity in your impression of the 14th inst., to my discovery of New Testament fragments among Mr. Mayer's rolls of papyrus. Perhaps you will oblige me by detailing the result of my subsequent searches in the same quarter,—the Egyptian Museum, founded by Mr. M.

The principal discoveries I have had the good fortune to make up to this present are:—

1st. A portion of eight chapters of the book of Genesis, written on papyrus in the Alexandrian style of Greek capital letters, which, from the purity of the text and the quality of the papyrus (being first class, and that called sacred,) I conclude to belong to the first century before Christ.

2nd. The Ten Commandments written in Greek and Egyptian Demotic characters, in parallel columns, belonging also to the first century before Christ.

3rd. The voyages of Annon, King of Carthage. This MS. is more correct than any yet known, and bears evidence of being written about the same period as the foregoing, viz., the century before Christ.

4th. The first page of a work by Aristæus, written in the first century after Christ.

5th. A fragment containing a few lines of ethical writings from the Oracles of Zoroaster Magus, of the first century after Christ.

6th. Fragments of Historical Writings, author unknown, but very interesting from the fact that they contain Historical and Geographical information never yet published. Written about the second century after Christ.

All these MSS. are upon the Egyptian papyrus, and have had my most careful and attentive

examination. Fac similes, translation, and explanatory notes of the whole, will, I hope, shortly be published. There are other rolls of papyri in the same collection which I have not yet had time to examine. When I have done so, I shall be glad to acquaint you with the result. Meanwhile, I beg to subscribe myself, sir, yours very truly,

C. SIMONDEZ.

14, Caledonia Street,
Liverpool, 9th August, 1880.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

SIR,—The impartial straightforwardness with which your valuable journal pursues not only the interests of the English literature, but also those of all the literary world, encourages me to draw your attention to a subject which perhaps might appear not to be worthy to speak of, but I could not refrain to look at it with some indignation.

Among the innumerable "weekly papers," the intrinsic value or worthlessness of which I shall not attempt to judge, I met with one which "amuses" its readers with a cycle of "German Lessons" (I need not tell you of my being a German.) Now, I do not know what I must think of the intention which the editor of the said journal may have in publishing such a caricature of a foreign language. Does he mean to ridicule the German language? Or does he really fancy his readers could derive from these lessons any notion or even a superficial knowledge of it?

At any rate these lessons are the greatest violation of a language I ever have met with. Such abominable disfigurements can hardly be excused if occurring in private letters; even a very beginner would be ashamed of so many mistakes, both as regards orthography and the incompleteness and incorrectness of the elementary rules.

Assertions are made there, bare of every foundation, and sometimes strictly against the grammatical and logical rules of this language.

Lethunglers compose grammars and reading books; they cannot do any harm, because the public press and the reading authorities will judge them, or rather they will judge themselves; let pupils and beginners murder a foreign language, they do so involuntarily, and are of course excused. But if an editor of a newspaper intrudes on a considerable number of readers such rubbish, which he requires to be taken as truth and genuine gold, this goes far beyond the bounds of modesty, and is a gross violation of esteem due to the literary science generally and to a foreign language particularly.

I do not blame the idea of teaching a language in this way; on the contrary, I like this plan of spreading useful knowledge among these who cannot afford to acquire it regularly and systematically. I do not expect a weekly paper, with so variegated an index, to sacrifice a larger space in favour of a complete grammar of a language. But if only little can be given, I suppose everybody, and even that class whom these lessons are written for, might justly expect that this little be good and true, and this so much the more as it must be considered as a compensation for the full amount.

There can be no excuse, the readers or respective pupils of this weekly master being of such a standing as not to be able to appreciate and value the scientific food set before them; truth must be truth, in whatever shape it may appear.

My opinion is, these "German Lessons" are of no avail at all unless the would-be teacher acquires above all a thorough knowledge of his subject, or looks out for a better authority, whom he may rely upon and whom he may refer to when a subscriber happens to ask him for some information about the German language.

In our days, when science and knowledge are no longer a monopoly of qualified classes, but the property of all, it is a sacred duty of the educated class, and especially of the press, to watch carefully the intellectual development of the nation, as there is in England no other control than the high court of public opinion and its organs, the critical press.

I beg to ask for your kind indulgence respecting my deficient style, which I am anxious to improve. I enclose my card, and have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant, GERMANICUS.

[We insert our correspondent's letter in ignorance of the periodical to which he specially alludes.]

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